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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Dec. 24



# Collier's



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# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers  
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street  
NEW YORK

December 24, 1910

### Shepard of New York

**F**OR SEVENTEEN YEARS the Democratic Party in this nation has been an exile from power and public confidence. That condition, every well-informed person knows, promises now to end at the Presidential election, which occurs just twenty-one months from this date. All that the party needs during the intervening months is to refrain from folly, to commit no act which will frighten away that most shy and hard-to-be-got-of advantages, the faith of the public. The most conspicuous single one of all the official acts of the party during the period of probation is the selection of a United States Senator from New York. All that the party needs to choose rightly is just plain selfish sense, not altruism. They can send to Washington a man of the caliber of those four Eastern Democratic Senators whose acts caused GROVER CLEVELAND to denounce his party's perfidy and dishonor—caused, indeed, that very withdrawal of the public confidence which has ever since kept the party eating husks. Or they can send a man whose name and reputation to-day, as well as his conduct when he reaches the Senate, will make Democratic votes for 1912 in every village from Puget Sound to the Florida Keys. EDWARD M. SHEPARD, elevated to official life, would be much the same kind of moral asset to the Democratic Party that HUGHES was to the Republicans, and, because of his opportunities in the Senate chamber, a more effective one. The public personality of any man is composed of ability and character. Of the one, Mr. SHEPARD'S eminence in his profession is convincing proof; as to the other, it can be said that no lawyer has ever discriminated among the cases offered to him with a finer sense of that propriety which is founded on public right. He has had again and again the most important contemporary cases in the courts of New York; that implies necessarily that he has had the most powerful clients in the country, but their retainers never included his conscience. Mr. SHEPARD is high-minded, scrupulous, able, and zealous for the public good.

### Two Men

**T**HE MOST DEPRESSING QUALITY of the Standpat Republican majority report in the Ballinger case is its aspect as a measure of the degree to which blind and unmitigated partizanship governs the acts and utterances of present-day public men. The Standpatters on the committee included two men who possess the best that is to be got from education, and political and professional experience, in contemporary America. They are the best that the Republican Party has to put forward. These men were in a judicial position—and their training has been such as to make them understand fully the responsibilities and proprieties of the judicial office. Yet they signed a document which is not one whit removed, in substance or in manner, from the rudimentary standards of the stump orator who declares that his candidate is an angel and the opposition a horse thief. It is not the verdict they gave—it is the method by which they arrived at it, the violence of their language, and the vulgarity of their insinuations. As to the brutal bullying that KNUTE NELSON practised throughout the hearings, there are obvious extenuations that make for charity of judgment. And there is not in the past of the Honorable GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM anything to indicate that he would pass through the depths of self-humiliation, or suffer any other inconvenience than the failure to succeed necessarily attached to public discovery, because he had put his hand to the forgery of an official document in order to gain a partizan advantage. But the Honorable SAMUEL W. MCCALL of Massachusetts, and the Honorable ELIHU ROOT of New York, must in their souls hate with a hate made more bitter by self-blame the task which fixes their reputations in an altitude of taste and bearing far below that where the one was offered the presidency of an old and distinguished college, and the other succeeded JOHN HAY as Secretary of State.

### Courage

**T**IME USUALLY HELPS toward correct conclusions. It will be so in the general judgment of Colonel ROOSEVELT'S part in the late elections. The notion, held and propagated by a certain type of his opponents, that he was moved, not by genuine impulses, but by personal calculations for 1912, will hardly exist long even in the regions where it was born. The real ROOSEVELT is the one sketched by Judge LINDSEY in "The Beast." When Colorado was on fire for silver, in 1900, ROOSEVELT, then Governor of New York, appeared in the Denver Opera House to make a campaign speech. As he faced the crowd he bared his teeth, and the first words they heard were: "We stand on a

gold platform." Judge LINDSEY, whose life has been a hard and noble fight, says that when he has faced the hoot of prejudiced opposition, he has remembered ROOSEVELT and filled his lungs again. That is the ROOSEVELT who is stamped on the mind of America, and who has pointed the path to many of the best among her public men.

### Tolstoy's Works

**A**MONG TOLSTOY'S various works "Anna Karenina" is said to come first in world-wide sales. In this case popularity and fame go together. "Anna Karenina" and "War and Peace" are the main foundations of TOLSTOY'S literary fame, but we venture the prediction that "The Power of Darkness" will stand alongside of them in the verdict of history. That play is probably the greatest tragedy written in any country in many decades. TOLSTOY'S greatness as a writer made possible his position as an evangelist, but also the commanding position he took in the ethics of his country certainly helped to make him a bigger figure than he could have been had he remained an artist only. "My Confession," "My Religion," and their successors do not rank with his great fiction or his greatest drama, but they were one expression of a passionate spiritual attitude toward his times which has had a greater influence in Russia itself than outsiders can readily comprehend.

### The House of Lords

**A** FEW DAYS after these sapient words appear, the British will have finished the elections which to some degree indicate their attitude toward their Upper House. Whatever the result, it is clear already that the House of Lords, as at present constituted and with its present rôle, can not last. Even if the Conservatives win, they will feel compelled either to improve the make-up of that body or reduce its powers. Lord ROSEBURY has for many years been urging the upper chamber to save itself by voluntarily introducing an elective element, and there have been plenty of other warnings, so the plea that the proposed reform was sprung too suddenly amounts to little. One thing that stands out in the present contest is the superiority of the Liberal debaters, perhaps because theirs is the more reasonable position. Since age overtook Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the Unionists have brought forward no especially strong man. Mr. BALFOUR is extremely astute, but not a heavy hitter. The Liberals, on the other hand, have a formidable list of speakers, thinkers, and fighters. What makes the contest of such especial interest is the fact that not since CHARLES lost his head has there been a situation in which the British have been so sharply asked to decide a fundamentally constitutional contest.

### Divine Right

**H**OW LONG can the German Emperor solemnly proclaim himself the special instrument of the LORD, and, to venture into American slang, "get away with it"? When the Socialists called up the subject recently in the Reichstag, and questioned the Chancellor about one of the Kaiser's speeches, that functionary said he agreed with the Emperor's views. The Conservatives have such a grip on this Reichstag that it was easy for them to end the debate. The Socialists and the Republicans, however, now working together, will probably make heavy gains next year, and whenever there is a Liberal majority the Emperor will find it necessary to live up to the promise he gave VON BÜLOW to restrain his speech. "The Prussian State," said the present Chancellor, "was first welded together by the earnest work of great rulers from the House of Hohenzollern," and therefore "the Prussian Kings, in relation to their people, are Kings in their own right." The Socialists laughed.

### What Is Socialism?

**M**ANY SOCIALISTS on the Continent of Europe are not Collectivists at all, but men whose bond is the desire to ameliorate the condition of the masses, by whatever steps experience may recommend. In Germany, for instance, the Socialists of the north are mainly Collectivists, and those of the south are largely what we should call Progressives. The attitude of the Socialist Party in France toward BRIAND has not been widely understood in the United States. The criticism of him is not that he enforced order, but that, in making soldiers of railway employees, he stretched to the breaking point a law intended only for military emergencies; and as only part of the railway employees obeyed his call, he put himself in the position of having ten thousand or more deserters, technically speaking, on his hands, and being unable to punish them. What the Government ought to have



done, according to many moderate Socialists, was to have offered arbitration, and thus concentrated public opinion against the side refusing it. What Socialism is to be in the United States is as yet undetermined. Its great success in Milwaukee was made possible by the fact that VICTOR BERGER has been always more interested in the next step for the general welfare than in manufacturing in advance an ultimate ideal. He accepts, in the main, the Marxian creed, but wears it lightly, and deals with the world in which he lives.

#### The Pace We Keep

WHEN TWO GREAT RAILROADS cut a few minutes more from the distance between Chicago and New York, there was carried a step further one of the changes that belong exclusively to modern times. It is entertaining to read the impressions of speed contained in the literature of the past. SCOTT, for instance, in "The Heart of Midlothian," describes, with all of his large mastery, the difference between the rapid travel of his day and the slowness of thirty years before; yet the progress was only from a small horse-cart to a bigger coach with change of horses. FIELDING, in "Tom Jones," and FARQUHAR, in "The Stage Coach," have left pictures of the earlier vehicles. SCOTT describes the coaches that "thunder through the streets" as enthusiastically as, and far more ably than, KIPLING could describe the power and dash of a modern locomotive, airship, automobile, or ocean liner, and with full emphasis on the accompanying peril. "That which gratifies the impatience of the human disposition will be practised in the teeth of danger, and in defiance of admonition." TOLSTOY, a few years before his death, remarked of Americans that they used their brains thinking up ways to save time, and then used them to think up ways to kill the time they had saved. The gifted Russian was more sympathetic with one set of eternal truths than he was with another set of facts, equally true and equally eternal. We can not live out our destiny by harking only backward. We must act in the living present, and the nation which deals most originally and successfully with the physical conditions and scientific problems of to-day is likely to be soundest and strongest in spiritual and intellectual life as well. The WRIGHT brothers, therefore, represent perfectly the most promising and attractive side of the United States of 1910.

#### The Western Woman

THE RESIDENT of the Atlantic seaboard who does his traveling eastward toward Paris misses the opportunity of learning that the Far-Western woman dresses with as much taste and as winsomely as women anywhere. Her talk is entertaining and witty. She has all the better ones of those qualities which are commonly spoken of as breezy. She discusses politics, a part of every Westerner's religion. She knows the vital themes of the day—and this without apparent neglect of children or family responsibilities. She has inherited the spirit of her pioneer ancestors, a character-building race that had the saving grace of humor. The culture of the average Western home has not infrequently surprised the guest from Philadelphia or Boston—not in Denver, Portland, or Los Angeles, where one expects to find finish, but in Cheyenne, Fargo, and Helena. The cowboy conquered the Indian; the school-teacher has conquered the cowboy, and he soon will have bowed his way out of the overworked pages of fiction. His lariat is a skipping-rope for children, with a present more full of vitality and a future more full of promise than that of the average child in the more crowded East.

#### Money Then and Now

NARRATING HISTORY, the modern critic nearly always takes the economic view, emphasizing it partly because of its importance, partly to redress a balance, since formerly it passed almost unnoticed. WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS, Professor of Ancient History in the University of Minnesota, in his new book, "The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome," describes Roman conditions in terms of our own. The ancient slum is compared with the slum of Chicago or New York. Money in politics under CÆSAR is compared with the money pull as we see it now. What a dress cost a patrician woman is given alongside what an American lady plutocrat pays in Paris. Why childlessness became fashionable centuries ago in the capital of the world is discussed in connection with the same condition in our New England towns. JUVENAL, probably with the exaggeration of a satirist, tells us that in courts of law a man's testimony bore weight in exact proportion to his wealth. It is a fact that by the third century A. D., when the Empire was well along on its downward path, the first question of the judge was: "To what class do you belong?" The punishment for crime differed according to the class, not only actually, as now, but as an acknowledged principle. From such respect for wealth to the day when DIDIUS JULIANUS bought the office of emperor at auction, is only a logical progress. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, one of the things requiring most constant and determined watchfulness is the tendency of money, in a rich commercial age, to monopolize prestige and power.

#### An Optimist in Duluth

TO SEE THE CHEERFUL SIDE of the most common subject of contemporary conversation is perhaps the severest test of an optimist; probably it is natural that this capacity should be united with a happy gift of expression. Mr. E. ROE, who writes on the letter-head

of the Zenith Furnace Company of Duluth, possesses both these qualities; they are abundant justification for printing what he says:

"Twenty-eight years ago I one day paid the only dime I had seen for weeks to see and hear a machine which looked like part of mother's clothes-wringer, and which ate sheets of tin-foil and emitted human squawks through a tin horn. My father was boss of a shoe shop and of two hundred hands, and we lived in a small detached house in a Massachusetts town. We used flat-wicked oil-lamps, and had a real Brussels carpet and a marble-topped table in the sitting-room.

"If there was a bath-tub in town, it existed as a tradition for the most of us, who stuck to the old wooden wash-tub for our weekly dips.

"... The first water from a faucet came as the acme of luxury, comparable to that other luxury, a glass of soda-water. Yet dad managed to put a tidy sum in the bank and we were considered well off."

Mr. ROE now contrasts this past with his present:

"My small son yelled through a phone at the age of sixteen minutes; he cut his first tooth on a phonograph record entitled 'Träumerei,' learned to fall into the bath-tub and slide on hardwood floors at an early age, and persists in fooling with the electric wall switch in spite of numerous shocks.

"He eats things I never heard of in my boyhood; he rides many miles in street-cars; almost everything in common use in his home would have been called a luxury or an impossibility in mine. I work in a subordinate position at over twice what my father earned at the same age, but my bank account is smaller.

"To-day I pay twice as much for butter as my father did, but I've just bought a suction carpet-cleaner. And my grandfather got his butter for eleven cents."

It is only the gloomy type of reformer, emotional and therefore likely to be inaccurate, who denies that the average man, or even the man far below the average, has far more comforts now than he had a few generations ago. The poorest man in the United States, by the expenditure of two days' toil to earn the price, can travel from Boston to New York far more agreeably than GEORGE WASHINGTON did. What is demanded by persons who look to the future is a more even distribution of the benefits that man has wrenched from nature. It is better that forty boys should have one bicycle each than that one boy should have two automobiles. A few years ago, when the Consolidated Gas Company of New York was finally compelled to reduce its price from one dollar to eighty cents, nine million dollars of accumulated overcharges, in sums of from five dollars to a hundred, were returned to the people of the city, to families to whom it meant small comforts and aids to more wholesome living. This money bought small things for simple families, instead of one more servant for families that already had twenty. It is no case either of mere sympathy with those who have little or of unfriendliness toward those who have more than enough. If you believe that the soundest and happiest nation, and the one that is headed toward the most certain future, is the one where wealth is best distributed, where the greatest number of people can have homes of their own with simple comforts in them, then you must see as vital things the tariff, the income and inheritance taxes, and all those economic matters with which current politics deals.

#### From Pleasant Valley to Halsted Street

JO DAVIESS COUNTY is the northwestern corner of Illinois. It lies just across the river from Dubuque, Iowa, and Wisconsin is its northern neighbor. Its chief town is Galena, where General GRANT spent his early years. It is splendid corn and cattle country. Two lines of railroad cross it east and west—the Illinois Central and the Chicago Great Western; the Northwestern and a trunk line of the Burlington run north and south. Nature and man would seem to have combined to make it like the cities that ZENOPHON was always arriving at, great and prosperous. But it is not. The census records of its population each decade read as follows:

1860	1870	1880	1890	1900	1910
27,325	27,820	27,534	25,101	24,533	22,657

Here is an Illinois County that has five thousand fewer people than it had the day when the local regiments went marching off to follow

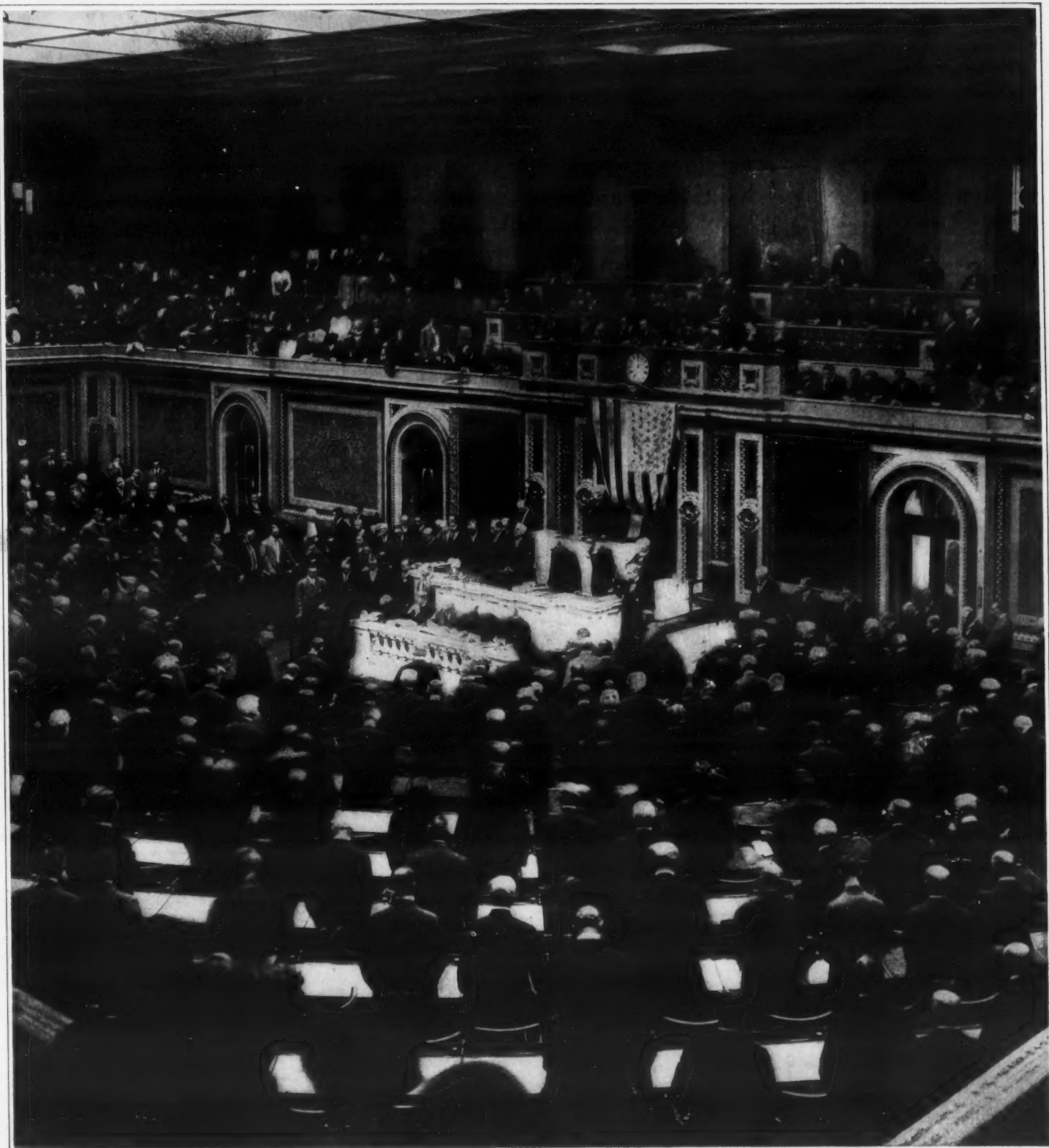
GRANT through the Civil War. What is the matter with Jo Daviess? Might not Illinois give a little thoughtful introspection to this question, even though it must cease a moment from its gloating over the marvelous growth of Chicago—thirty per cent in the last decade alone. Jo Daviess County must have raised some fifty thousand boys and girls during those fifty years. Where are they all? Some joined the exodus to Canada, no doubt; probably more, the young men especially, are in Chicago—the girls stayed at home and withered because all the marriageable men had gone away. Are they better off in Halsted Street than in Pleasant Valley, Council Hill, and Apple Center? Jo Daviess is only one county. What of Mercer, Marshall, Schuyler, Scott, Stark, Pike, Pope, Kendall, Hancock, Henderson, and Brown? All these have fewer people to-day than in 1870. Very many other counties have decreased since 1880, and more than half the surface of Illinois is less closely peopled than ten years ago. There are economic results wrapped up in this condition that must be reckoned with in the not distant future.





# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

## A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

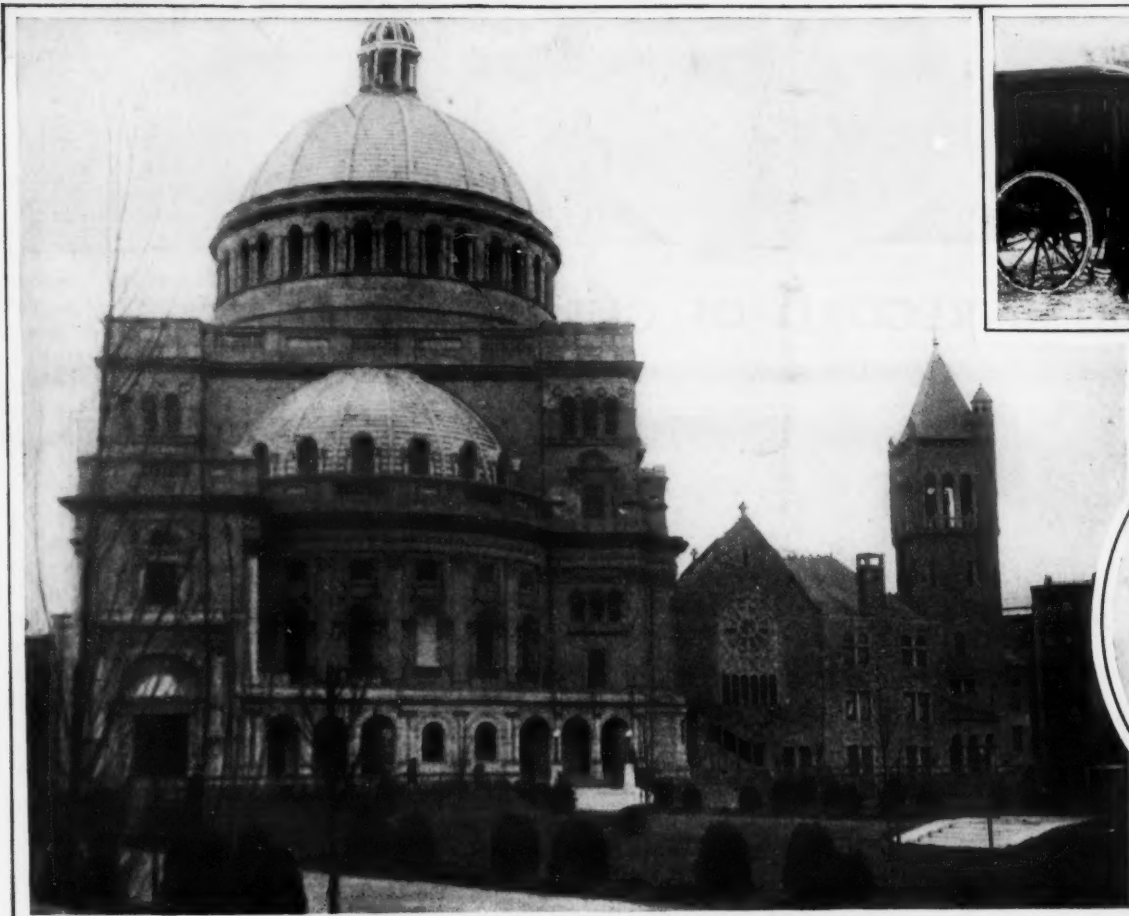


The Sunset Gun

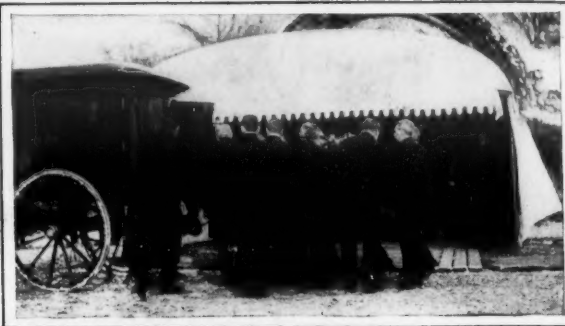
THE short session — and the last one — of the present Congress was formally opened on the first Monday in December. For the last time in his career Mr. Cannon took part as Speaker. The present Congress will expire by constitutional limitation at noon the Fourth of March next; then the Congress which was elected last November with its Democratic majority will come into being, although it may not assemble in regular session until next December. Many of the Republican veterans in this photograph, such as Tawney of Minnesota, Olcott of New York, McKinlay of California, and Calderhead of Kansas, will not appear in the next Congress.



## WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



The Mother Church of Christian Science, Boston



The arrival of the casket at the vault



Orlando Metcalf, who gave the church \$1,000,000



G. W. Glover at his mother's tomb



Mrs. Eddy's home at Newton, where she died



A corner of Mrs. Eddy's study and her desk



Mrs. Eddy's library and her favorite reading chair

## The Funeral of Mrs. Eddy, Her Greatest Monument, and Her Home

(See page 16)

American

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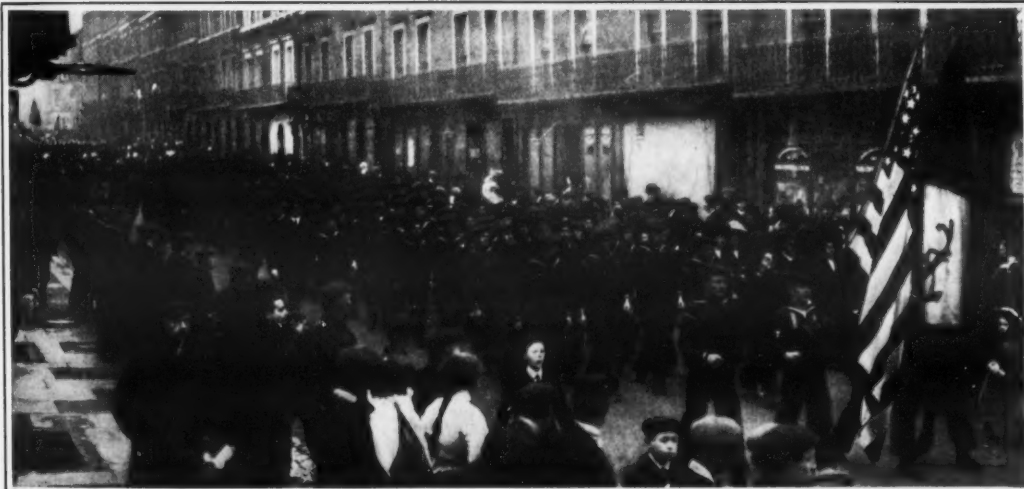
## A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



The London Guildhall banquet to officers of the American fleet

## The American Fleet in British Waters

REAR-ADMIRAL Joseph B. Murdock and the officers of the third division of the American Atlantic fleet were dined and wined in characteristic style by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London in the Guildhall on December 2. The Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Vesey Strong, in his black, gold-laced robes, sat on a dais in the Guildhall library with the Lady Mayoress by his side. Gowned aldermen, mace and sword bearers, and uniformed officers surrounded them. One by one the officers of the fleet, from midshipmen up, with British admirals, generals and city magnates intervening, were presented. After a rapid inspection of the art gallery the procession wended its way to the historic Guildhall for a typical Guildhall luncheon, starting with turtle soup and punch, and making its way via "barons of beef" to "maids of honor" and the inevitable speeches. The Lord Mayor proposed "The American Navy," to which Admiral Murdock replied in a speech which laid stress on the American nationality of our sailors. He said that three offers of enlistment had been received the day after a London newspaper published the menu served to the men on American warships, which included ice cream three times a week.



American sailors marching from a church service at Gravesend

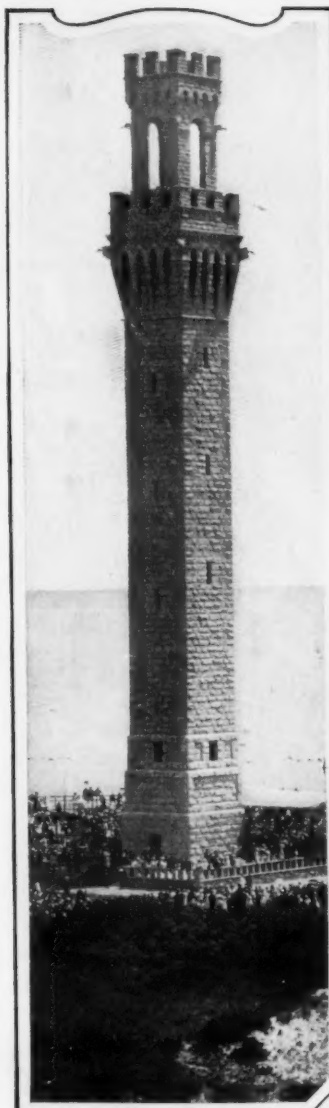
## The Monument to Baron von Steuben

THE statue to Baron Frederick William Augustus von Steuben, the Prussian general who served with the American forces in the Revolutionary War, was unveiled in Washington on December 7 by Miss Helen Taft, the President's daughter. The monument was erected by our Government. President Taft, Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador; Representative Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, and Dr. Charles J. Hexamer, president of the National German-American Alliance, made addresses extolling the foreigner who came across the seas to help fight America's battles, and who became a Major-General in the American army. The German-American societies of the United States, which were represented by fully 10,000 visitors, provided a chorus of 1,000 voices which was accompanied by the United States Marine Band. The Von Steuben statue stands on the northwest corner of Lafayette Square, opposite the White House. A parade, in which 10,000 soldiers, sailors, and civilians marched, followed the unveiling. The German Ambassador said that many descendants of the old German stock who had found a new home in this hospitable country, and now formed a natural bond of an ever-increasing friendship between Germany and the United States, had come to Washington to do honor to the memory of one of the most distinguished of their number at the foot of his statue, which was the work of an American citizen of German descent. He was pleased to regard the monument as a sign of the unbroken friendship between Germany and the United States. Unlike many other foreign officers, Baron von Steuben never returned to his native country. His burial place is near Utica, New York.



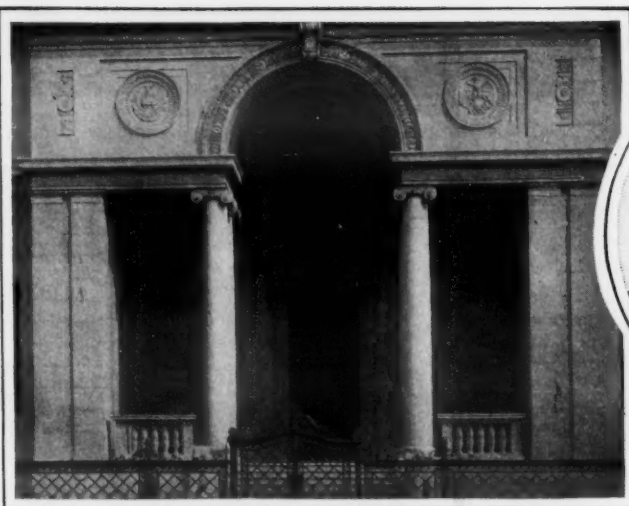
The unveiling of the monument erected in Washington to the memory of Baron von Steuben

# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



The Pilgrim Monument

The shaft at Provincetown, Mass., dedicated last August by President Taft in commemoration of the landing of the Mayflower's company on the bleak sands of Cape Cod, is in reality a duplication of the City Hall tower of Sienna, Italy, a photograph of which appears on the opposite page



The Doorway to J. Pierpont Morgan's Art Gallery

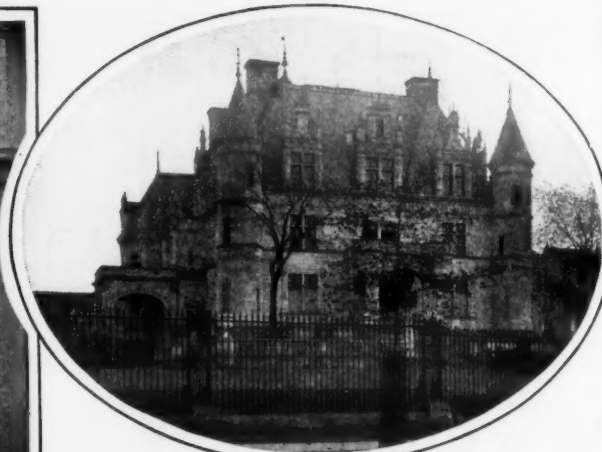
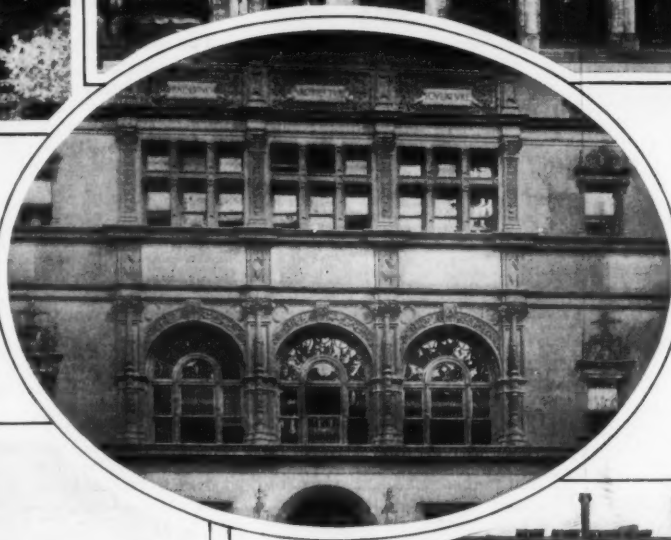
A duplication in detail only is to be found in this design, when compared with the famous entrance of the Villa Medici, Rome, on the opposite page



N. Y. Herald Building

The façade of the upper stories of the Art Students' League, in Fifty-seventh Street, is an interesting appropriation, since the design follows almost identically that of the famous old Palace of Francis I of France. This type of window arrangement has been very prevalent in America, particularly in the 90's, extending to many commercial buildings.

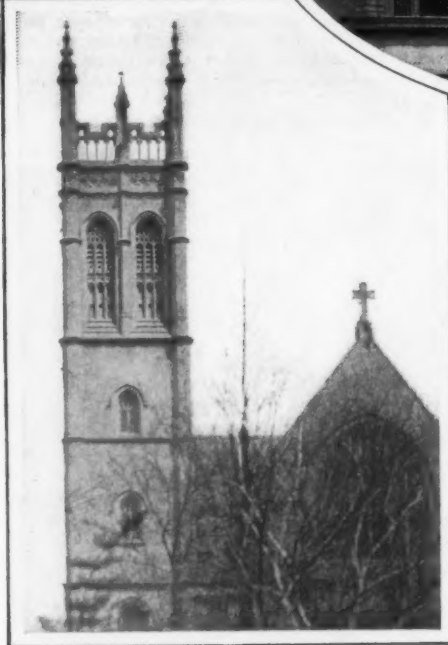
Art Students' League



The Schwab Residence, New York

Two examples of almost identical copies of European structures are to be found in the splendid residence of Charles M. Schwab, at the beginning of Riverside Drive, and in the New York Herald Building.

The former follows, almost line for line, the Chateau of Chenonceaux, in France, while the Herald Building is a duplicate of the Palazzo del Consiglio, or City Hall of Verona, Italy. Though many architects have Americanized foreign ideas to a certain extent, others have thus dropped entire structures, native to different settings, into the center of New York, with the resulting architectural hodgepodge so frequently commented on by foreigners. The tower of Madison Square Garden, shown below, is one of the handsomest examples of the Moorish and Renaissance in this country; but, rising above a little church in Seville, Spain, we find the Giralda Tower (on the opposite page), the inspiration for this well-known Gotham landmark



Church of the Divine Paternity, New York



The Residence of Joseph Pulitzer, Seventy-second Street, New York



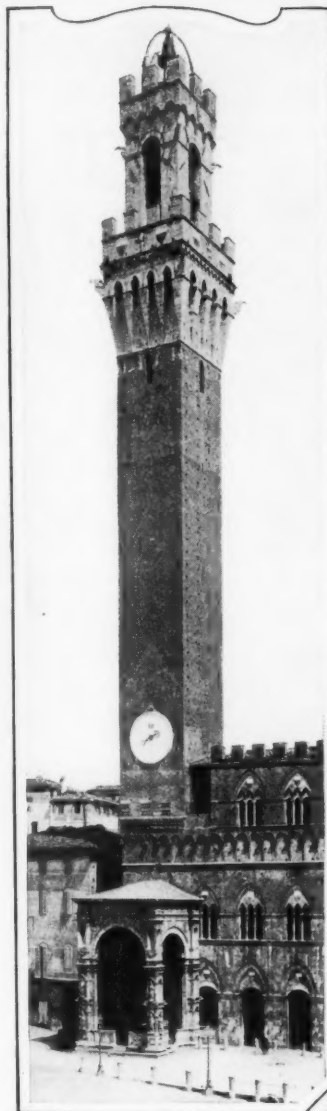
The Tower of Madison Square Garden

(See page 26)

## Some Aspects of American Architecture



## A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



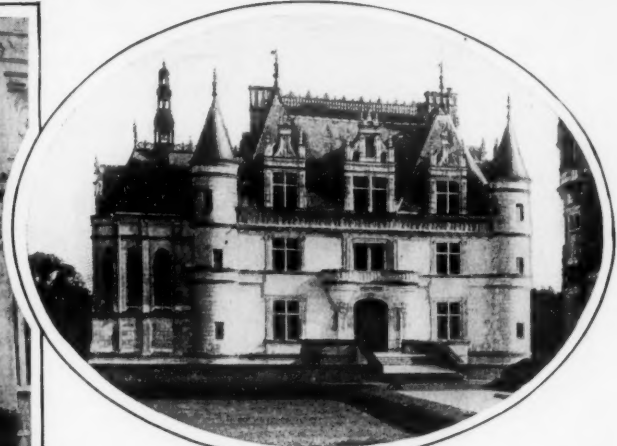
The Sienna Tower

This Italian structure has been a rich source of architectural suggestion. The Boston Fire Department employs a reproduction of it for drying hose; the new Union Station at Waterbury, Conn., is crowned by another likeness. In New York it is the inspiration of the 71st Regt. Armory tower



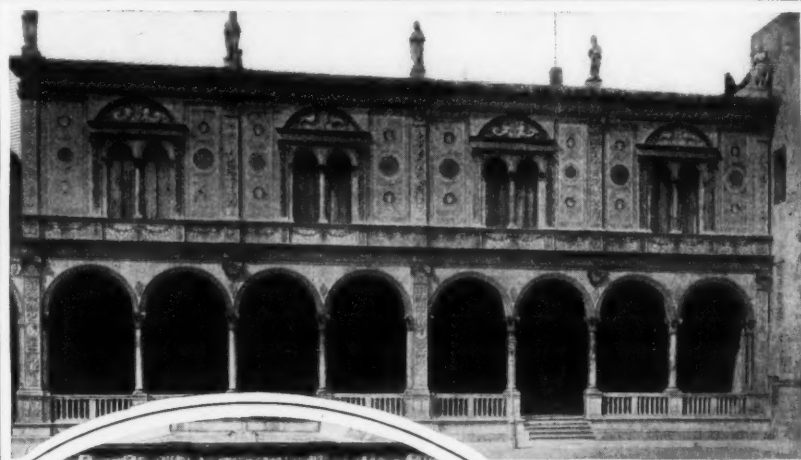
The Villa Medici, Rome—Now the French Academy

By observing its American counterpart, it will be seen how the architect sought, by minor changes, to draw away from the earlier masterpiece



The Château of Chenonceaux, France

This famous Touraine Palace, in which Francis II and Mary Queen of Scots spent their honeymoon, and where Diana of Poitiers and Catherine de Medici each in her time held sway, is familiar in outline to New Yorkers, as is indicated by Mr. Schwab's residence. The Herald Building, however, is a decided improvement over its fifteenth century original, the Palazzo del Consiglio of Verona, for although at first glance the only apparent difference is the substitution of owls along the cornices for the effigies of the original, yet the Herald Building is done in terra cotta, where frescoed plaster is used in its Italian prototype. The tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, is doubtless the most widely copied piece of church architecture in the world. In New York it is seen on a number of edifices. The Palazzo Rezzonico, where Browning spent his Venetian days, has a New World replica in Joseph Pulitzer's residence in New York



Palazzo del Consiglio

The façade on the palace of Francis I, copied by the American Art Students' League, was a most distinctive feature in the older structure, originally a royal hunting-lodge at Fontainebleau, but later transferred to the Cours de la Reine, Paris. As in the majority of cases, it is more ornate than its American model, since this country's taste is more severe

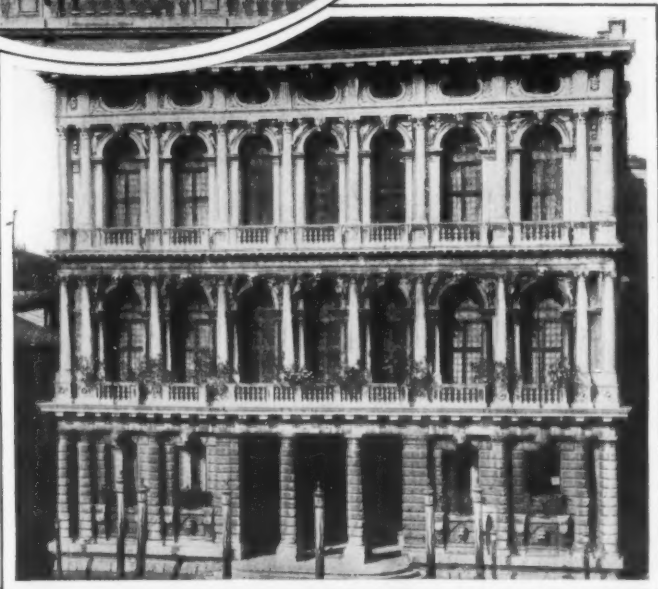
Façade, Palace of Francis I



The Giralda Tower, Seville, Spain



The Tower of Magdalen College, Oxford



The Palazzo Rezzonico, Grand Canal, Venice

and Probable Sources of Inspiration

Dec. 24

(See page 26.)

# COMMENT ON CONGRESS

**T**HE tariff is the paramount issue. For ten years there has not been a day when the bulk of the American people were not demanding, more than any other act within the power of Congress, substantial revision downward. In this matter it takes robust faith in the ultimate triumph of right to predict the day when the tariff will be dealt with justly. It is seventeen years since Grover Cleveland said, in indignation over a tariff that had been made by his own party:

"Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled, in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long-suffering public."

To-day the people of the United States are practically unanimous in demanding tariff revision. Yet it will be a good year and a half before we shall have relief. The present Congress will do nothing. Taft will not call a special session of the new Congress, and it will not meet regularly until December, 1911. It will be June, 1912, before a new tariff bill can be passed by the Lower House. With a doubtful Senate, and a President belonging to the other party, real revision may be still more distant.

## A Chance for Useful Service

**T**HE Democratic voters of New York State can help their State, the nation, and their party by taking whatever measures lie within their power to influence their respective members of the Legislature to vote for Edward M. Shepard for United States Senator.

## Observing the Law by Mutual Agreement

**M**R. J. O. HENSON, a lawyer in Martinsburg, West Virginia, has sent to this paper a copy of a large poster printed in heavy type which was displayed conspicuously in public places throughout Berkeley County, West Virginia, during a period preceding the recent election. Slightly abbreviated, the poster reads as follows:

### ELECTION NOTICE!

In order to provide, as far as it is possible to do so, for an honest election without bribery or corruption on November 8, 1910, the following agreement has been entered into:

First—That we will not ourselves, or through others directly or indirectly, give or promise to give any voter or any other person for any voter, or place where the same may be found and taken by any voter or other person for such voter, any money or any other thing whatever of value. . . .

Second—The chairman of the County Executive Committee of the Republican and Democratic Parties in said County of Berkeley shall each name a man at each polling-place in said county to act as challengers; the two challengers so named at each polling-place shall be together the whole of said election day, and neither of them shall permit any person to talk to him unless in the presence and hearing of the other. . . .

By agreement of  
THE REPUBLICAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AND  
THE DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The second paragraph of the notice would seem to indicate that the parties to the contract were not overconfident in each other's good faith. Mr. Henson says, however, that the agreement was strictly kept: "The result was that the vote polled was over two thousand less than the vote usually polled. At some precincts when the polls closed more than twenty-five 'undesirables' declined to vote because they were not paid. Other sections," concludes Mr. Henson, "might follow the example with considerable profit to themselves and to the cause of better government generally."

West Virginia has a corrupt practises act covering the agreement exactly; the statute, however, was never observed in most of the State, and the purchase of votes in all the elections of recent years preceding the last one was open and flagrant. West Virginia ought not to be very proud of the spirit which is unconsciously revealed by this agreement. Fairly wide experience is back of the assertion that the purchase of votes in this country is more frequent in the rural districts than in the cities, and more common in the older native American communities than either in the newer West or in the manufacturing towns where foreigners have come in. In remote counties, peopled well by farmers, there may be seen practises such as Tammany never attempted. In Delaware the corruption is always in the two rural counties, where farming prevails; Wilmington, a more or less cosmopolitan manufacturing city, has been comparatively free from it. The spirit of those

By **MARK SULLIVAN**

twenty-five West Virginians who indignantly refused to vote because they were not going to be paid is fairly typical of a class of well-to-do farmers in New York State who insist that they can't lay off from work for a day without being paid for it.

## Picture of a Poor Man in Politics

**O**NE of the most able and successful among the younger politicians in the United States remarked, a few days after the election, in a mood of reaction after hard campaigning, that he was going to quit politics and push his business with all his zeal. He stated the objections of a poor man to a political career in these words: "I'm tired of having my picture in the papers and an overdraft in the bank."

## Sweeping in a High Wind

**T**HE impressions of the recent election which were created by the next day's headlines and by hastily written editorials so completely missed the vital aspects that it is not yet too late to call attention to some of the fundamental facts shown by mature comparison of all the results. The "rebuks to Roosevelt" myth has already disappeared; another important truth involved in the results is pointed out by Mr. White of Emporia:

"The direct primary is the vacuum cleaner of American politics. Kansas elected this year a Republican Governor, the entire delegation in Congress Republican, a Republican Legislature, and the entire Republican State ticket. Also, Kansas has two Republican United States Senators—all this in a day of Republican grief. Can you beat it? I simply put it down to show you that the primary is the best instrument for party success. We cleaned house at the primary. Excepting Vermont, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania, every Republican State that withstood the tide this year had a primary and cleaned house before the storm. It's hard to sweep in a high wind."

Another result closely allied to the point made by Mr. White is the fact that wherever the Republican Party was dominated by the radicals it won—Kansas, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota, and Iowa; the big Republican victories were in the radical Republican States; the big losses were in the conservative Republican States. Where the Insurgents were on top a Democratic landslide was escaped; wherever the people had the chance they supported the Insurgents.

## Direct Election of Senators

**P**ERSONS who believe in the direct election of United States Senators can find abundant comfort in the November returns. If the direct system prevailed, Beveridge would have been reelected Senator by a large majority; and Lodge in Massachusetts would have been overwhelmed in defeat.

## Indiana

**S**TUDY of the Indiana figures shows some really remarkable results. It illustrates at once how wrong are a good many of the general impressions of the recent election, and how hard the people of a Democratic State tried, despite the handicap of complicated and indirect voting, to reelect the Insurgent Republican, Beveridge, to the Senate. How many people know that in the election for the Legislature this year Indiana really went less Democratic than in the election for Governor in 1908? Marshall's Democratic plurality for Governor in 1908 was 14,453; this year the Democratic legislative plurality against Beveridge was only about 8,000. With the exception of Tennessee and one or two other Southern States where there was an independent movement, Indiana was the only State where the Democrats this year failed in any respect to gain ground. And how hard the people tried to discriminate is shown by a comparison. One group of Democratic counties, which gave a Democratic plurality of 13,362 on that part of the ticket where Beveridge was not involved, reduced that plurality to 3,912 on the Legislature, where Beveridge was involved; another group of Republican counties gave a Republican plurality of only 4,611 on the State ticket where Beveridge was not involved, and increased that plurality to 11,676 on the Legislative ticket, where Beveridge was involved. In every Congressional district in Indiana Beveridge ran very far ahead of the Republican candidate for Congress. If Indiana had participated in the Democratic landslide to the same extent as Maine, or Massachusetts, or Pennsylvania—and Beveridge is the only reason it did not—the Democratic plurality would have been between 50,000 and 75,000. Indiana has shown that it believes in Insurgency and the progressive principles that Beveridge stands for.



# C. W. Post, Faker

**T**HE libel suit of Robert J. Collier against the Postum Company, Ltd., of Battle Creek, Michigan, resulted, after a long and thorough trial, in a verdict for COLLIER's and an award of damages in the unprecedented sum of \$50,000. The offense was the publication, in forty-four newspapers and periodicals of New York State, of an advertisement charging us with soliciting advertising by methods akin to blackmail. This important victory over the forces of fraud, this exceptional award—the heaviest ever given for libel in New York and probably in the United States—will be news to many. For notwithstanding the importance of the case, the newspapers were generally silent or very taciturn. The Postum Company spends about a million dollars a year in advertising. Moreover, on the day after the trial closed, C. W. Post, head-faker of the company, began a series of advertisements which garbled the testimony of COLLIER's medical experts to make it appear that they had endorsed the virtues of Grape-Nuts, and said nothing about the outcome of the trial—nay, gave the impression that Post had won.

Libel suits always wander from the strict cause at issue, involving the past reputations of both parties. This one exposed the career of C. W. Post, and it showed the real character of his widely advertised products. But before we go into that, it will be necessary, in order to correct the impression produced by the latest Post advertisements, to review the vital facts of the case.

In 1905 COLLIER's began the publication of Samuel Hopkins Adams's articles, "The Great American Fraud," that startling exposé of patent medicines, quackery, and quack methods of advertising which bore fruit in the Pure Food and Drugs Act of 1906. COLLIER's, like every other periodical in the United States, had published in its early years advertising open to criticism on modern standards. When the Adams data began to come in, we saw the light. We announced a new business policy—exclusion of all misleading and unfair advertising. That was merely the new policy which nearly all the magazines have now adopted, and to which all reputable newspapers must come in the end.

On November 4, 1905, the announcement of this policy was printed in COLLIER's in the following words:

"COLLIER's will accept no advertisements of beer, whisky, or alcoholic liquors; no advertisements of patent medicines; no medical advertisements or advertisements making claims to medicinal effect; no investment advertising promising extraordinary returns, such as stocks in mining, oil, and rubber companies. The editor reserves the right to exclude any advertisement which he considers extravagant in claim, or offensive to good taste." By a freak of the demon who torments printing offices, the announcement appeared next to a testimonial advertisement for Postum. This was very mild and harmless compared with matter which Post has printed since, but it did "lay claim to medicinal effect." A correspondent called our attention to this inconsistency.

## Post's Advertising Refused

**F**ORTHWITH, that advertising was ruled out of COLLIER's. Condé Nast, then advertising manager, wrote to the Grandin Company of Battle Creek, the advertising agency which had placed this copy, advising them of the fact. The Grandin Company was really only an annex to the Postum Cereal Company, formed to secure the agent's commission on all of their advertising. But at this time it was posing as an independent agency. In its advertisements it announced that "among other clients" it had the Postum Cereal Company. Mr. Nast made his refusal tactful. Such matter did not harmonize with COLLIER's editorial policy regarding patent medicines. If the Postum Company would replace this testimonial matter by its regular display advertising (which made at that time no medicinal claims), COLLIER's would be glad to accept it. Post, in an indignant letter, refused to make the change. "I do not state that your present advertising makes claims of medicinal ingredients," responded Mr. Nast, "but what conflicts with our advertising policy is that the advertising makes claims of medical effects." Thereupon, COLLIER's and the Postum Company broke off all business relations.

Note carefully the next stage in the proceedings. It constitutes the only shred of an answer which the Postum Company could offer in the subsequent libel proceedings. From time to time, COLLIER's, like most other publications, sends circulars to the great advertisers and the great advertising agencies. On the mailing list of five thousand names COLLIER's retained the Grandin Agency, though it struck off Postum. For the Grandin Company was still posing as a general agency, and announcing by implication that it had

*Extract from a letter from Condé Nast, Advertising Manager of Collier's to C. W. Post, Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, November 22, 1905:*  
**"Owing to the advertising policy recently adopted, copy of which I am enclosing, it will be impossible for us to publish the style of copy you have been sending for Postum and Grape-Nuts"**

## The Letter

**D**ECEPTION THERE IS, in advertising, as in all dealings between the imperfect human animal and his equally imperfect fellow. It is lessening with the spread of intelligence. Some, that is still conspicuous in print, is unnecessary, and hence incredibly stupid. For example, take certain recent exploitations of "Grape-Nuts" and its fellow article "Postum," put out by the same concern. One widely circulated paragraph labors to produce the impression that "Grape-Nuts" will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying, and, potentially, deadly lying. Similarly, "Postum" continually makes reference to the endorsements of "a distinguished physician," or "a prominent health official," persons as mythical, doubtless, as they are mysterious. Here are two articles of food which, unless there is some secret reason against it, should sell on their merits. Yet their manufacturer persists in insulting the intelligence and animating the support of people who might otherwise purchase them. "I've stopped taking Grape-Nuts since it became a patent medicine," said an acquaintance of ours recently. The editor of a prominent religious journal, writing of the cancellation of certain patent-medicine contracts, says: "I have sometimes the same feeling toward the Postum advertisements, and those of Grape-Nuts. . . . The manner in which they are pushed, and the phraseology used to commend them, constantly causes me annoyance." If these breakfast foods desire to be classed in the public mind with the fraudulent and failing patent medicines, they are taking the proper steps to that end. But isn't it worth their while to stop and consider whether, in the long run, it will pay to identify themselves with a class of merchandise which has no other selling power, save only that which it derives, at an enormous outlay and an increasing risk, from mendacious claims?

## The Editorial

*Published in Collier's July 27, 1907*

## The "Yell-Oh" Man And One of His Ways.

To call a man a liar seems rude, so we will let the reader select his own term.

Some time ago the Manager of "Collier's Weekly" got very cross with us because we would not continue to advertise in his paper.

We have occasionally been attacked by editors who have tried to force us to advertise in their papers at their own prices, and, on their own conditions, failing in which we were to be attacked through their editorial columns. The reader can fit a name to that tribe.

We had understood that the editor of "Collier's" was a wild cat of the Sinclair "jungle bungle" type, a person with curdled gray matter, but it seems strange that the owners would descend to using their editorial columns, yellow as they are, for such rank out and out falsehoods as appear in their issue of July 27th, where the editor goes out of his way to attack us, and the reason will appear tolerably clear to any reader who understands the venom behind it.

When a journal willfully prostitutes its columns, to try and harm a reputable manufacturer in an effort to force him to advertise, it is time the public knew the facts. The owner or editor of Collier's Weekly cannot force money from us by such methods.  
**POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.**

## The Libel

*Published September 4, 1907, by C. W. Post, in forty-four newspapers in the State of New York*

**\$50,000**  
**FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS**

## The Verdict

*Awarded to Collier's December 3, 1910, by a jury of the Supreme Court of the State of New York*

other clients than the Postum Company. In the next year or so, the Grandin Agency received from COLLIER's two circulars, calling attention to special numbers of COLLIER's.

After the publication of his articles on medical frauds, Samuel Hopkins Adams wrote for COLLIER's a series of editorials on the same subject. The Postum Company, in the meantime, had grown bolder and bolder in its published insinuations that Postum, a coffee substitute, had medicinal virtues; and it had begun to state that a diet of Grape-Nuts would ward off impending attacks of appendicitis. Adams noticed this; in the issue of July 27, 1907, COLLIER's published one of his editorials, written without consultation with any employee of COLLIER's—written solely on his own judgment and initiative—which contained this passage:

"Take certain recent exploitations of 'Grape-Nuts' and its fellow article 'Postum,' put out by the same concern. One widely circulated paragraph labors to produce the impression that 'Grape-Nuts' will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying, and, potentially, deadly lying. Similarly, 'Postum' continually makes reference to the endorsements of 'a distinguished physician' or 'a prominent health official,' persons as mythical, doubtless, as they are mysterious." True, all of it, and rather mild, considering the facts.

C. W. Post, founder, dictator, and advertising expert of the Postum Company, was in Europe at the time. It was five weeks before he replied. Then appeared an advertisement signed by the company. It was headed: "The 'Yell-Oh' Man and One of His Ways." There is not room to publish all his abuse. We merely cull from it the phrases "mendacious falsehoods," "poor clown," "venom behind it." The damaging thing was the charge that COLLIER's had attacked him because he refused to advertise—in short, that we had attempted blackmail. "When a journal willfully prostitutes its columns," he wrote, "to try and harm a reputable manufacturer in an effort to force him to advertise, it is time the public knew the facts. The owner or editor of COLLIER's WEEKLY can not force money from us by such methods." Incidentally, he repeated the dangerous statement which justified the Adams editorial:

"It is a practical certainty that when a man has approaching symptoms of appendicitis, the attack can be avoided by discontinuing all food except Grape-Nuts and by properly washing out the intestines."

He published this advertisement as widely as the American press circulates. In New York State alone it appeared in forty-four city and small city newspapers. Robert J. Collier immediately sued him in the sum of \$250,000 for libel. Post responded by publishing another advertisement, entitled "Boo-Hoo—Shouts a Spanked Baby." This reiterated his charge that the attitude of COLLIER's constituted a "systematic, mercenary hounding." "That great jury, the public," said Post, "will hardly blame us for not waiting until we get a petit jury in a court-room before denouncing this prodigal detractor." For that advertisement, also, Robert J. Collier has since entered suit.

## An Unprecedented Verdict

**T**HE trial of the original case, founded on the charge of blackmail in the "Yell-Oh Man" advertisement, began in November. It lasted ten days; and the jury, after deliberating an hour and a half, found for the plaintiff and awarded damages in the sum of \$50,000.

Above is our case. The Postum case had only one real support, and that so flimsy as to prove Post's desperation. The circulars sent by COLLIER's since 1907 to the Grandin Agency, and signed in rubber stamp with the name of the advertising manager, were interpreted by Mr. Post's counsel as attempts to make the Postum Company advertise, and the request for display matter instead of testimonial reading notices in Mr. Nast's polite letter of cancellation, as a veiled insinuation that COLLIER's expected the Postum Company to increase its advertising, since display generally takes up more space, and is therefore more costly, than reading notices.

This is a bare review of the bare issue. But the case went further. The attorney for COLLIER's stated in opening that he would rest not only on the claim of libel, but on the truth of Mr. Adams's statement. So, from the testimony taken at the trial, very slightly supplemented by other facts which will help make it intelligible, we are able to tell the reader of COLLIER's what Postum and Grape-Nuts are, by what means they are advertised, what is the real source and motive of their elaborate testimonials, a sample of which the reader can doubtless find by referring to this morning's newspapers, and, finally, who and what is C. W. Post.

Mr. Post first: for he is probably more interesting

than his wares. Post, it appears, came to public notice as a mental healer near the city of Battle Creek, Michigan. He has testified in another trial that he was cured of "chronic ills" by a mental-science healer named Mrs. Agnes Chester—just as he was later cured of appendicitis by his own Grape-Nuts. In spite of his prosperity, he has been a heavily afflicted man, it appears. And in 1893 he was running at Battle Creek a sanitarium or boarding-house, called La Vita Inn, for persons under mental treatment. His particular brand of mental healing was known as Scientia Vitæ. To spread the sect and fill the inn he published in 1893 his first book, a treatise on Mental Healing, entitled, "I Am Well." Really, this book was only a more intelligible copy of ideas presented in other more popular and better-known works on healing by the mind. There are the same pretentious claims to divine guidance—"it produces a feeling of great quiet and comfort within, to be the pen by which Our Father conveys to you his great truths which will make you free from pain and disease," says Post in beginning—the same generalities concerning the perfect man and the denial of pain, the same stories of marvelous cures. Concerning these tales, let us return to the late trial. By

COLLIER'S counsel, and by one of the jurors, Post, a squirming witness, was pinned down to the successive admissions that he had charge of mental healing at La Vita Inn, that he practised it himself, that he told, in his book, how he had "healed" a case of erysipelas by Scientia Vitæ. Later, warming up, Mr. Post spoke quite readily of that cure, testifying as follows:

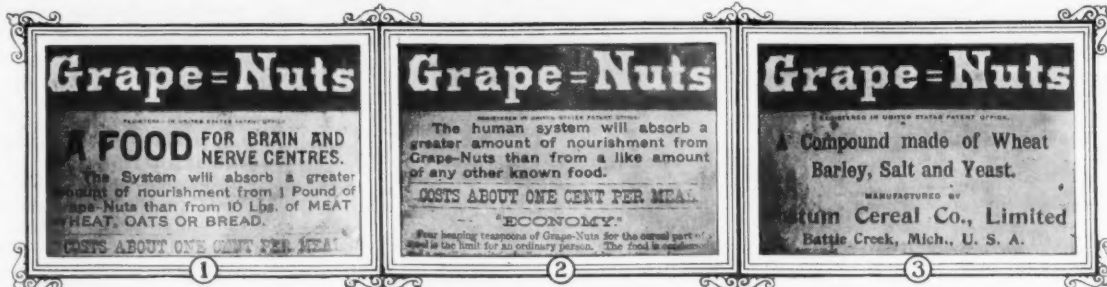
"A.—That case of erysipelas was a man who came to me . . . one morning when I was out in the carriage house of my stable doing a little work, sorting some pears, in fact, and I remember the case very well, indeed, because when I turned to look at the individual, there was a face swollen half beyond its ordinary size, with evidence of erysipelas. . . . He was in great pain, as he stated, and said that he had been treated by some physicians downtown, and had heard that there was some remedy out at the inn, so-called. . . . I am unable to say any more exactly, or to analyze exactly what it is that conveys or carries the healing impulse; it is sufficient to say that when the man told me his trouble I told him to go into the house, and that I would be in there shortly. . . . I went toward the house and at the back corner found the man standing. I said: 'Didn't I tell you to go around to the front and go into the house?' He said: 'Yes, but I have no reason to go in there.' I said: 'Why?' He said: 'Because my pain has left me, I have none.' I said: 'Do you mean to say that you have no pain, no trouble?' He said: 'None at all.' . . . I said: 'Go downtown and don't dig it up again, and in the course of two or three days Nature will set up a change in your face in a natural sort of a way. If your pain is gone, don't bring it up again.' . . . One morning he appeared about breakfast-time with his mother in a carriage . . . and he brought her up to see if she could be relieved. . . . As one learns from the review of this case in "I Am Well," the mother had a very painful ulcerated tooth. Post looked at her and told her she was well. Guess what happened? The pain and swelling went away.

"I Am Well" contains accounts of about a dozen cures, all performed by Post through Scientia Vitæ. The complaints included dyspepsia (of twenty-five years' standing), insomnia (cured in five minutes), nervous trouble complicated by taste for tobacco and whisky (for which the patient lost all desire), a complex disease involving the stomach, liver, bowels, spinal cord, and the right ankle and heel (the patient was "one of the living skeletons"), inflammation of the neck of the bladder, and a complaint only vaguely described—"a person lifted from a death-bed through Scientia Vitæ, and who became round, fat, and rosy quickly."

#### The Stomach and the Soul

BUT the passages in "I Am Well" which relate to the subject in hand are those touching on diet. No special kind of food, it appears, will make you well. What is necessary is to put yourself in tune with the infinite—"Read carefully, thoughtfully, not more than twenty pages daily. Afterward seek an easy position where you will not be disturbed, relax every muscle, close your eyes, and go into the silence where mind is plastic to the breathings of Spirit and where God talks to the Son. The thoughts from

Divine Universal Mind come as winged angels and endow you with their healing power. If you go into the silence, humble and trusting, you will come out enriched and greatly strengthened in body, by contact, even for a short time, with the Father of all Life and all power, you will feel refreshed in every way, and food taken will digest readily, as stomach works smoothly when under the influence of the Higher Power." Again: "Let it be known, once for all, that all causes of disease in man, whether of so-called stomach trouble, bowel trouble, consumption, cancer, heart disease, rheumatism, or what not, are the result of mental conditions of in-harmony. The dead material of which the body is made can originate and produce nothing." This in 1893. By the end of the century, Post had changed his doctrine, as many great teachers do. He was



The Evolution of the Grape-Nuts Label

Number 1 is the old original label, when Post's fancy was running free. On another part of the same package he says that it is made of "Dextrose and Grape-sugar." Grape-Nuts contains hardly a grain of this substance. The chemical departments of various universities issued reports on Grape-Nuts about 1904. These showed that it contained about as much nourishment as oatmeal. Then Post changed to Number 2. In 1906 came the Pure Food Law which required truthful labels. Then Post omitted "dextrose," "grape-sugar," and all claims for exceptional nutritive value; whereupon we have Number 3

then manufacturing Postum and Grape-Nuts; and, as the advertisement in your daily newspaper will show you, every package contains a pamphlet entitled: "The Road to Wellville." This includes a great many sentences, and a great many ideas, lifted bodily from his earlier work, "I Am Well"; but with an important addition. Divine Harmony alone will not make you well, according to "The Road to Wellville." It must be Divine Harmony plus a diet of Postum and Grape-Nuts. Listen to one passage. The author has been describing Positive and Negative currents of thought, showing how hate, anger, and the like disturb the body, and how thoughts of health, happiness, peace, harmony, beauty, restore it. But: "You can not get well by exercise alone, or by thinking positive thoughts alone. You absolutely must give up the food and drink that disagree with you. . . . Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts will prove their solid worth and inestimable value in rebuilding the body, if steadily used, and the improvement can generally be noticed in a week's time."

#### Post Enlarges His "Mission"

THAT is ahead of the story, however. What started Post in the cereal food business is uncertain. He says himself that he needed a food to ward off attacks of appendicitis, and that his experiments led him to the Grape-Nuts "formula," and, further, that he worked out Postum as a coffee substitute at La Vita Inn. More likely, he proceeded on the lines of the advertising agent who telegraphed once to a wholesale drug firm in St. Louis: "What is your bottom price for a million dozen sweet cathartic pills? I have a name." At any rate, he began the manufacture of Postum, a plain coffee substitute, only a dilute copy of the roasted-wheat-and-molasses substitute coffee which our grandmothers made for our grandfathers, and Grape-Nuts, just a plain breakfast food. The era of heavily advertised breakfast foods was just dawning. Post, who used the newspapers liberally from the first, was the one important producer of these commodities who lied persistently in his advertising. At first he claimed almost impossible powers of nutrition for Grape-Nuts. "The system will absorb a greater amount of nourishment from one pound of Grape-Nuts than from ten pounds of Meat, Wheat, Oats, or Bread," he used to say on his packages. The Pure Food Law of 1906 made that method of labeling illegal. It did not, unfortunately, prevent such claims in advertising. And more and more Post exploited the "remedial" virtues of both Postum and Grape-Nuts. The latter was "the food for brain and nerves," the "stuff brain is made of," "predigested," "almost wholly composed of pure grape-sugar," "predigested food." Finally, he advertised that a diet of "predigested Grape-Nuts alone" would ward off appendicitis. As for Postum, from a plain coffee substitute it became a food drink; and from praising it negatively by exploiting the real or alleged dangers of the "coffee habit," Post came to praise it positively as a "builder" which "nourishes and strengthens without depressing." And his business flourished until he covered the old site of La Vita Inn with a dozen factories, and until he reckoned his net profits at a million a year.

He began his testimonial advertising early; this was a paying line, it would seem, for he used it more and more. If you wish a sample, refer again to your newspaper. It must be there. These testimonials are anonymous. Sometimes a mother of many children is stricken with heart failure or palpitation. After trying all remedies, she gives up coffee and uses Postum. It always works a cure—when well boiled. Sometimes it is a wise physician who has recommended it. Sometimes the physician himself writes in praise of Postum. As for Grape-Nuts, there are "endorsements" without number of its effects in cases of impending appendicitis and chronic indigestion. These testimonials are never signed, but they always conclude: "Name given by Postum Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a Reason." And, finally, the Post advertising proclaimed the endorsement of "prominent physicians" and "health officers." Let us mention here that no physician of standing would give public endorsement to a patient food any more than he would perform a criminal operation or refuse aid to a sick pauper. It is against the ethics of the most highly honorable of all professions.

Post got those testimonials by advertising for them. In New York he used for that purpose the "New York Magazine of Mysteries," whose editor is now in the Federal penitentiary for fraudulent use of the mails. For example, Post announced in that magazine in 1907: "More boxes of Gold and Many Greenbacks—325 boxes of gold and greenbacks will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters on the following topics: 1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum? 2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been hurt by it and who have been induced to quit and use Postum, etc., etc."

For each of the five best answers the Postum Company offered a prize of a \$10 gold piece in a box, to the next twenty \$5 each, to the next one hundred \$2, and to the next two hundred \$1. He varied that copy with another headed "Y I O—Grape-Nuts." Prizes were offered to the persons forming the greatest number of words from the above combination of letters. One read far into the conditions before he learned that each answer must be accompanied by a testimonial to Grape-Nuts.

Post admitted on the stand that he got "10,000, 20,000, 100,000" testimonial letters a year by this method. And by his own admission these letters were "rewritten" before publication. Post, in fact, declared under oath that not one of them had ever been printed just as it was written by the author. Further, the Postum Company never made any attempt to investigate the truth of the testimonials. Still further, the company sent stamps to the authors of popular letters, that they might answer inquiries. The originals of these testimonials never reached the jury. Mr. Collier's attorneys demanded them during a preliminary examination held at Battle Creek. "They are in the hands of our New York attorney," said Post; "I promise to produce them at the trial." When, at the trial, James W. Osborne, of counsel for Mr. Collier, demanded them, Mr. Philbin, representing Post, said: "I have never seen them. Why didn't you serve the customary five days' notice?" Probably the world is poorer in laughter for the suppression of these valuable human documents.

In the crucible of law, the testimonials from "prominent physicians" and "health officers" melted down to one item—the endorsement of Dr. B. F. Underwood. Mr. Post, it is true, had promised to put a health officer on the stand; but the man telegraphed at the last moment that he could not come. Dr. Underwood, however, was there. He was the only author of a Postum Cereal Company testimonial who appeared in court, and COLLIER'S produced him. And this is his story—the essential facts from his testimony, the rest from private conversation.

#### Post's "Prominent Physician"

HE IS no longer a physician. He is a printer. Once, however, he practised in small Pennsylvania and New Jersey towns as a homeopathist. He held the belief that coffee is a common cause of common ills. Knowing of the Post anti-coffee campaign, he tried to patch out his income by writing him an anti-coffee article. Post looked over the article and amended it by adding two sentences which mentioned Postum. He sent it back to Underwood, saying in effect: "If you get this published, including the name of Postum, in some medical

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journal, I will pay you for it." Underwood had it printed in the "American Physician," lately born and now dead. And Post made good. He sent Underwood \$10. That article, whose form and wording gave Postum a kind of medical seal and approval, Post published over the country in half-page advertisements. This was the "endorsements of prominent physicians" of which we hear so much in Postum advertising.

Now, just what is Postum, and what is Grape-Nuts?

Our grandmothers and our mothers used to make for members of their families suffering from too much coffee a homely substitute. They poured molasses over wheat grains, dried and ground the mixture, and got the liquid by the usual process of boiling. Postum would be just that but for the bran mixture. To those who have never fed the cattle on the farm, be it explained that bran is the shell of wheat. It contains nutritive elements, as sawdust does, but, as with sawdust, they are not in such form that the human stomach can assimilate them. Cattle, with their four stomachs, can get nourishment from bran. We can not.

And Postum is made from roasted and ground bran, wheat, and molasses—mostly bran. The exact proportion of bran can not be wormed out of the reluctant Post employees, even on the witness stand. It is certainly more than fifty per cent; it may be much more. Eight million pounds of bran are delivered every year to the Postum works in Battle Creek. As a harmless, non-toxic substitute for coffee, it is all right if you like it. As a "food drink" it has no more value than the coffee which it supplants, and little more than hot water. It is not true, as some believe, that Postum is "doped" with coffee extract. It would be harmless were it not so advertised that it leads the sick to attempt treatment by Postum instead of by a physician.

#### A Plain Breakfast Food

GRAPE-NUTS is a breakfast food, very like brown bread in composition, but prepared by a special process which involves, so Mr. Post says, twenty-seven hours of baking and drying. It is just a breakfast food, nothing more. It is a little more nourishing, ounce for ounce, than some, less nourishing than others, and far less nourishing than many simple foods which never bore a trade-mark. The Michigan State Agricultural College published in 1904 their results on a series of experiments to determine the value of breakfast foods, patent and plain. Pound for pound, the fuel value of Grape-Nuts proved a little higher than that of whole wheat bread or graham bread; but that is because it contains less water. But the table headed "Total Amount of Nutrients and Their Fuel Values in the different foods for ten cents" told a different story. Ten cents' worth of entire wheat bread or graham bread, it appears from that table, has one and a half times the fuel value of ten cents' worth of Grape-Nuts.

However, Post has almost ceased to claim that Grape-Nuts "contains more nourishment than any other known food." His main hold now is the assertion that it is "predigested," that it is "dextrose and grape-sugar, made by special process of entire wheat and barley." From this grows the absurd, the murderous, claim that a person attacked by the swift and deadly appendicitis may get well through eating Grape-Nuts, without any other food, and "washing out the intestines." On that point—the alleged predigestion of Grape-Nuts—the court took several days of testimony. The reader must bear with a little scientific terminology; we will keep it as brief as possible.

Grape-Nuts is made of wheat, barley, salt, and yeast. The barley, in the process of making, is malted or allowed to sprout. It is ground and mixed with whole wheat flour in the proportion of one part to two; the mixture is then treated like ordinary bread, being mixed with yeast, raised, baked. The brown bread, after baking, goes through a grinding and drying process, lasting several hours. It comes out, ready for packing, in brown grains.

Now the food constituents of Grape-Nuts, like those of other cereal foods, are proteins and carbohydrates. Of the former, this food has ten per cent; of the latter, seventy-five. Let us dismiss the proteins. The long baking hardens and toughens them; it is pretty certain that this decreases their digestibility. The white of an egg, which is a typical protein, is less digestible hard-boiled than soft-boiled. And the same is probably true of the proteins of Grape-Nuts.

The carbohydrates of wheat and barley are starch. Grape-Nuts, therefore, is seventy-five per cent starch. And the process of starch-digestion is as follows: In the mouth the saliva starts the transformation.

A little of the starch is changed to dextrin. As soon as the starch strikes the stomach the process of digestion ceases, not to be resumed until the starch reaches the duodenum. There, through several intermediate processes, the whole mass finally becomes

#### From Post's Appendicitis Expert

(Dr. Paul Outerbridge, called by the Postum Company, on the stand; Jas. W. Osborne, of counsel for Collier's, cross-examining; appendicitis under discussion)

Q.—So really the patient could not tell with safety? [whether the attack was acute or chronic].

A.—I think he would be a pretty poor person to make a diagnosis of his own case.

Q.—And the diagnosis might result in his death?

A.—Yes, if it was a very acute case.

Q.—Well, even if it was a chronic case which was approaching an acute stage, could he make a fatal blunder?

A.—Oh, yes.

Q.—So it would be a very unsafe thing to leave it to the patient, would it not?

A.—Yes.

Q.—You would want to see the patient yourself and

examine him with great care?

A.—Well, I think it is important to consult a physician.

Q.—Would you not tell the patient to abstain from all food right away?

A.—I would.

Q.—You would not undertake to give advice for the whole world that in a case of approaching appendicitis a man could go on eating food, would you?

A.—I should want to see my case.

Q.—That advice might prove extremely hazardous, might it not?

A.—It might.

Q.—And perhaps fatal, I think you said that. Is not that right?

A.—Yes, that is right.

dextrose. In that form it is ready to be taken up by the blood, and the process of digestion is complete. Grape-sugar is a common name of dextrose.

Now as to Grape-Nuts, which Post at various times has advertised as "pure grape-sugar" and "dextrose": The process of malting the barley, and perhaps to a very slight degree the long baking, changes part of the barley into maltose, one of the intermediary substances between dextrin and dextrose. This maltose comprises about ten per cent of the whole substance of Grape-Nuts. Only a trace of it becomes dextrose or grape-sugar. Weigh the ten per cent of proteins, rendered tougher and less digestible by long baking, against the ten per cent of carbohydrates modified into one of the preliminary substances of starch-digestion, and the balance between increased digestibility and retarded digestibility is about even. If anything, it favors Grape-

causes appendicitis. For Post declared in the hectic advertisement which cost him a \$50,000 verdict: "Let it be understood that appendicitis results from long-continued disturbance in the intestines, caused primarily by undigested food, and chiefly by undigested starchy food. . . . These lie in the warmth and moisture of the bowels in an undigested state, and decay, generating gases and irritating the mucous surfaces until, under such conditions, the lower part of the colon and the appendix become involved." Now as our brief analysis shows, Grape-Nuts has a greater proportion of "undigested starchy" matter than bread. And yet we would not go so far as to charge that Grape-Nuts causes appendicitis.

Post's attorneys tried to drag from this expert or that facts about appendicitis, facts about the chemical constituents of food, which would cloud the issue. But on one thing the experts of the plaintiff and the experts for the defendant were all agreed, namely:

*The first thing to do in an attack of appendicitis is to make the patient discontinue all food.* Acute, subacute, septic—it is the same thing. Food, even the lightest and most easily digested food, is almost inevitably fatal, owing to its action on the bowels.

Dr. Paul Outerbridge, called as an expert by the Postum Company, was on the stand, under cross-examination by Mr. Osborne. This passage occurred:

Q.—You would not undertake to give advice for the whole world that in a case of approaching appendicitis a man could go on eating food, would you?

A.—I should want to see my case.

Q.—That advice might prove extremely hazardous, might it not?

A.—It might.

Q.—And perhaps fatal? I think you said that. Is not that right?

A.—Yes, that is right.

#### The Kind of Person C. W. Post Is

HERE we have it, the kernel of the whole matter. To sell his food products, to make his million a year in profits, his million a year in advertising, C. W. Post bargains and compounds with death exactly as do the patent-medicine fakers. If any one, feeling the first pains of acute appendicitis, ever took the advice of C. W. Post and "ate only Grape-Nuts," he doubtless added his epitaph to the "unsolicited testimonials" which Post would not produce in court.

Further, the expert testimony proved that Grape-Nuts is not a brain food. There is no such thing as a "brain food." Any food nourishes the little toe as well as the brain; and the only way to build up a depleted brain by food is to build up the whole system. "The stuff brains are made of—Grape-Nuts"; "We say again the food for brain is Grape-Nuts"—these assertions, although less dangerous, are as ridiculous as the assertion that a diet of Grape-Nuts will ward off appendicitis.

Now, concerning C. W. Post and the kind of man he is. To the picture of his mind and morals which appears in this sober statement of facts, let us add two incidents from the trial, as a kind of summing up.

Post was on the stand—a dodging, squirming witness. There was in evidence a piece of his own testimony in his bankruptcy suit. "Did you testify to this?" Mr. Osborne asked again and again. "I don't remember," was Post's stereotyped reply. In the end Mr. Philbin, his counsel, stepped forward and said: "We admit that this is his testimony."

They came to examine him as to his qualifications to write of appendicitis in 1905—the period when Collier's threw out his advertising.

He was asked what authorities on the subject he had consulted. He named six or eight. He pointed out a pile of books in possession of his attorney as the very ones he had read.

"Did you consult the books from these editions here?" asked Mr. Osborne.

"From those and various editions," answered Post, overlooking the bait.

Mr. Osborne picked up book after book from the pile and showed the title pages to the jury. All, except two, had been published since 1905.

One short word, the pet of ante-bellum journalism, has gone a little out of fashion in these mild later days. It should be revived occasionally, because none other fits so well. We should use it now, but we won't. We'll merely state:

C. W. Post is a faker.

#### "There's a Verdict"

**OPERATION AVOIDED**

Change of Food Instead of Resort to the Knife.

Starch indigestion is a common trouble with many persons who eat food containing starch—white bread, potatoes, pies, cakes, etc.

This results frequently in accumulations of undigested material in the intestines that cause swellings and formations

No Appendicitis

For those who use

**Grape-Nuts**

the pre-digested food

There's a reason.

**APPENDICITIS**

Not at all Necessary to Operate in Many Cases.

Automobiles and Appendicitis scare some people before they are hit.

Appendicitis is often caused by too much starch in the bowels. Starch is hard to digest and clogs up the digestive machinery—also tends to form cakes in the cecum. (That's the blind pouch at entrance to the appendix).

Some of the potentially deadly lying by which Post spread the impression that Grape-Nuts would prevent and cure appendicitis

Nuts. But this relates only to the starch in the barley; it does not reckon with the starch in the wheat. None of that is changed into maltose or into any other substance progressing toward dextrose. The starch granule is surrounded by a little envelope of fiber which must be broken before the digestive process can begin. That is why we cook wheat flour. And experiment has shown that fewer of these envelopes are broken in Grape-Nuts than in wheat bread, for example. Of the starch remaining in Grape-Nuts after ten per cent has been converted into maltose, thirty-six per cent is in an insoluble state—the envelope of fiber is not broken. And this tips the scale slightly against Grape-Nuts. As a matter of fact, in digestibility there is practically very little difference between Grape-Nuts and the brown bread which it resembles. One would suit one man a little better, and the other another, according to individual idiosyncrasy. Neither is an invalid food. And on the basis of Post's own claims, Grape-Nuts would probably be a little more likely to cause appendicitis than bread—if either ever

examined him as to his qualifications to write of appendicitis in 1905—the period when Collier's threw out his advertising.

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# The Mystery of a Personality

*The Passing of a Strange Woman, and Her Effect Upon Our Times*

By WILL IRWIN

IN THE language of the cult which she founded, Mary Baker Glover Eddy has gone from our sight. That personality which was to demonstrate over death—according to the secret belief of the more superstitious Christian Scientists—has passed from the world as definitely as it passed from public view ten years ago, when she retired into mystery to conceal her infirmities. So long has she been out of the world that the rule of conduct "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" may be stretched in her case; while the earth is new upon her, one may venture to weigh the good against the bad in that strange, disorganized, dominant woman-personality who so curiously affected these times.

About her character, indeed, we shall never know the full truth. She spent her youth and her mature womanhood among the ignorant and uncritical, who remembered only her eccentricities and her violations of country conventionality.

## A Large, Vague, Disorganized Mind

IN THE active days of her public life she was surrounded by devout followers whose reverence kept them from perceiving, whose habit of mind from expressing, any data which might be useful to persons guided by mere mortal mind. In her old age she was the center of a great silence which any member of her household broke at his peril. All this is a pity. To the student of abnormal psychology, as to the student of human character, this energy which worked so strangely but so effectively, this personality which bent and broke all lesser wills, this mind which carried thought twenty years forward and yet two hundred years backward, might have been a most instructive study. Few women have ever accomplished so much as she; the career of this daughter of the soil makes the accomplishment of certain purple-born heroines of romance appear thin and weak. The very age at which she accomplished her work was in itself extraordinary. Had she died at fifty, she would have left not a ripple in public memory. A mortuary poem in a New Hampshire country weekly would have been her obituary, and a few fireside stories of the eccentric Mrs. Glover-Patterson her fame. Then she blazed suddenly, and at eighty-nine, after fifteen years of practical retirement, she died the most eminent woman in the world, if we judge eminence by accomplishment.

It was the triumph of personality. Virtually, that was all she had. Her mind, it is true, was large, though vague, and it held in some remote corner the power to originate. But it was a disorganized mind, probably diseased. "The style is the man," and the style of "Science and Health" was Mary Baker Glover Eddy. It is vague, it is grotesque, it is contradictory, it violates every law of logic; no human being honestly knows what most of it means; but it gives, too, a sense of sweep and grandeur, of a back-thought too large to be organized and expressed by the tiny tools of the mind. The truth, as "mortal mind" knows truth, was not in her. No one was ever such an unblushing public liar, and no one ever put forth his latest lie with such complacency. She was inconsistent beyond poet's imagination. On the practical side, she showed as much absurd folly as she did shrewd wisdom. Viewed from one angle, she was a conscious, self-confessed faker; from another, she was self-deluded; from still another, she was the sincere apostle of a half-truth which she had the mental equipment neither to grasp nor to make practical. A child can discover deadly parallels without number in her published works. Like certain greater figures of history, she wrought great things without seeming direction of a steady will. Most of all, she fulfilled Ferrero's saying in explanation of Julius Caesar: "The spontaneous activity of a splendid spirit."

Personality, the quality of mind which psychology can not measure and weigh—that was her great gift, and it was probably her secret. In the fifty obscure years of her life, the world of little people in which she moved deferred to her, supported her, as loyalists who give succor to an exiled queen. When, after her brief first marriage, she came home a penniless young widow, the domestic machinery of her father's house revolved about her tantrums, her hysterics. She dominated her familiars during her unhappy married life with Dr. Patterson, and during the period



Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson, in the seventies  
From "McClure's Magazine"

of hysteria and hypochondria which came with their separation. The moment of first impulse in her life was her visit to Dr. Quimby, the healer, in 1866. Something in her changed; a nature tinged always with religious emotionalism experienced something like conversion. The nature of this change is another thing about Mrs. Eddy which we shall never quite understand. She herself is nowhere more vague, contradictory, and untruthful than in her own account of this transformation. The appropriation of Quimby's doctrine at least put into her life a purpose which had formerly been lacking, and from which she never swerved; and this seemed to intensify that power of personality. For the next five or six years she wandered, a pathetic, driven thing, from one New England town to another, a professional non-paying guest. And wherever she visited, she was real head of the house; her hosts altered the routine of their lives to suit her whims.

## A Born Ruler

WHEN, after her confiscation of the Quimby theories and the publication of "Science and Health," she established her cult in Lynn and Boston, that personality became an active force. She bent all her followers to her will, or she drove them out, sullen but silenced. Especially did she attract and dominate women. Members of her early Boston classes say that she spoke to them "as one come from heaven." She left them raised above themselves, burning with zeal and desire to do. "There was an angel in her, but a devil too," says one of her old pupils, now "out of Science." Of that devil-side, this woman says further: "You had just three things to do in her presence—obey, get out, or die!" To one who knows anything at all of the household life at Pleasant View, during the days of her retirement, the talk about "undue influence" appears a little ridiculous. Wisp and remnant of her former self as she was, Mrs. Eddy was queen in that house. No door was opened, no window raised, without thought for the Presence in the chamberupstairs. From that chamber her personality radiated to the uttermost bounds of "Science." The sense and fear of it held the church solid in the face of a dozen incipient intrigues and budding rebellions against the incredible egotism of

her claims. She was a born queen, formed of heroic mold: therein resides her secret.

Neither her mind nor her personality wholly explains Christian Science as a social phenomenon, however. The truth is that she satisfied, though imperfectly, two neglected needs of the age in which she grew. During the period between 1865 and 1880, when Mrs. Eddy was formulating her message, medicine was far, very far, from an exact science. The charge of modern Christian Scientists that "doctors are only guessers anyhow" was almost true in that day—as modern physicians will admit. The germ theory was not yet worked out to practical use; it was still in the laboratories, not in the medicine-kits of family physicians.

## The Real Transformation of Medicine

PEOPLE sickened mysteriously and died inevitably of diseases whose cause and cure no man understood. Inflammation of the bowels killed its thousands every year, and killed with a certainty almost absolute; for we did not then understand the pernicious function of the appendix. Diphtheria treatment was a guess, for the extension of the germ theory by which we arrived at serums was not even imagined. Tuberculosis appeared to be a mysterious hereditary scourge which killed slowly but certainly. Yellow fever, malaria, bubonic plague, against which we can guard now as surely as against burglars, came as visitations of God, none knew why. A man approached a surgical operation, a woman childbirth, as a tribunal of life or death; for the infection against which surgery now takes every precaution was benevolent pus, and probably assisted healing. All these dark clouds medical science, working by deduction, not by revelation, has dispelled in the span of Mrs. Eddy's mission. It has done more—too much more for recounting here. Only yesterday a German sayant discovered a means by which the most terrible of blood diseases may be cleaned out of the system as a precipitate cleans a reservoir. In the profound mystery which surrounds its cause, cancer stands almost alone among the common diseases.

Further, the medicine of that period ignored soul and mind in treatment; the drug-store was its shrine. It was all promising soil for such a doctrine as Mrs. Eddy's—that disease is imaginary, that it may be cured by the mind. The Christian Science Press Bureau, which exists for the purpose, will hasten to assure us that this is not what Christian Scientists believe. No statement of their doctrine by an outsider is ever accurate unless the outsider writes unreservedly to praise. But, at least, it approximates. Women, whose *métier* is the care of disease, grasped this new medical doctrine which formulated what they had always suspected. And before physicians had begun to make operative the new era of exact medicine, it was established. Just so, the potent enemies of Christian Science to-day are not the churches, but a small company of men scattered through France, Germany, England, and America, who are sitting through eight-hour sessions with their eyes glued to microscopes. They, and not Mrs. Eddy, have driven out the old-time physician who carried calomel in his kit and germs in his whiskers, who performed surgical operations with murderous, septic hands, and whose best art was to conceal his ignorance by a show of profundity.

Of course the medical question is only one side of Mrs. Eddy's cult. It is a system of healing; but it is also really a religion. And every one who has Christian Scientists in his circle of acquaintance knows persons who cleave to it not for its medical virtue but for the satisfaction of their souls. Its vague, general mysticism satisfies something within them which the more formal religions can not touch. Christian Science has performed its real miracles, but they are of character, not of healing. It has made professional pessimists cheerful, habitual backbiters and slanderers kind; it has sobered drunkards and reformed rakes. Unfortunately, it has done nothing as yet to cure the professional optimist; in fact, it has rather encouraged that great criminal. It is really impossible to judge concerning its claims to heal disease, since Christian Scientists refuse to submit their miracles to scientific inspection. But these miracles of character are patent to all. They do not differ in kind, it is true, from the effects of genuine conversion in the older faiths;

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but the beneficiaries of these soul-cures are usually old chronic cases; and the miracle is the more startling for that reason.

And here, also, her age worked for Mrs. Eddy. In the early nineteenth century the material attitude of mind began to dominate. In 1859 Darwin crowned his age with "The Origin of Species." The world entered a new era of thought, whose processes were fact, deduction, result. This spirit absorbed the best intelligence of the world. Where great poets had been, we produced great savants; in place of orators we bred economists; in place of theologians, sociologists; in place of romanticists, realists. Modern thought nearly ignored man's spiritual needs. But no theory and no discovery can change nature in one generation. There remained a hunger for intellect plus spirituality. And this hunger,

working in the rather vague and illogical minds of half-instructed, newly-wise people, attracted them to this modern mysticism. Such minds it seemed perfectly to satisfy. It is hard for one who works with the cold processes of reason to understand that satisfaction, but the proofs are about us everywhere. Its ultimate effect in stretching and ruining such minds, in rendering its devotees incapable of any athletic intellectual exercise, is perhaps another matter.

When the great Mother Church at Boston was new, a Roman Catholic priest was discovered regarding it with the greatest appreciation and satisfaction. "In fifty years," he said, "it will belong to us or to the Episcopalians. 'Twould make a grand cathedral!" Mark Twain took the other view; he expected its permanence. These are only prophecies, of course. Of one thing only may we

be sure. Now that this immense personality has gone, the Church will change in one direction or the other. The late Stetson revolt, crushed, as was the old rebellion of Josephine Woodbury, by sheer power of Mrs. Eddy's personality, was only a surface indication of several private ambitions which smolder beneath. If the Church, helped by its financial strength, remains intact, its doctrine may swing toward that deification of Mrs. Eddy which she herself always deplored—and always suggested. Or it may swing toward a more liberal interpretation of her hazy but still tangible central doctrine. It may break up into sects. It may, as increasing skill and knowledge in medicine destroy its best practical reason for being, fade away as the Shakers faded. Or it may gradually separate itself from the medical annex and become purely a religion.



Shakespeare's funny man—

## From Falstaff to Cohan

Several Recent Farces, with Incidental Reference to a New Pinero Play

By ARTHUR RUHL

A CERTAIN gratitude is undoubtedly due The New Theater for putting on "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Chances to see the famous old comedy are very rare nowadays, and its production gratifies a curiosity as genuine, very

likely, as that of the fickle queen whose desire to see the fat knight in love is said to have caused the writing of the play.

At the same time few of the better known Shakespearean plays retain so little that appeals to our taste and time. Of the grand manner, which holds even when its nobility is merely that of sound, there is none; and its fun, as interpreted by almost any possible combination of players, must needs seem rather obvious and tedious to present-day audiences. The Elizabethans were a hearty, sensual people. They loved life and living, and looked out on a new and untried world with a fine, fresh wonder. They wrote noble and beautiful poetry, drank all they wanted to, and ate joyfully—with their fingers.

We may not be any better than they—and Mr. Chesterton would probably say that we are much worse—but we certainly are different. We are not nearly so simple. The simplest of us has a vast background of the sort of sophistication built up by newspapers, novels, public schools, and plays, not to say bath-tubs and forks. Even the funny man at the music-hall must touch things lightly, and no sooner make his point than be up and away.

Having a healthy enthusiasm for the simpler animal pleasures, the seventeenth century Englishmen must have been hugely amused by an uproarious fat man who never could satisfy, and was forever being made the comic victim of, his own volcanic desires. So might we be amused to-day by the antics of a thin man who took all sorts of patent foods and paid too much attention to his morals and health. For we are all for hygiene, uplift, and the rational life.

### "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

TO BE sure, Falstaff's overtures to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, his escape in the clothes-basket, and the rollicking spirit in which the two buxom wives lead on the fat knight and frustrate him will never quite lose its comic quality. And now and then there comes across the footlights one of those good old mouth-filling phrases—the old knight's refusal to have eggs in his sack, for instance: "I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage!"—which take us pale, white-livered moderns genially back to the days when men drank gallons where we drink thimblefuls, and always talked, apparently, with hoarse rattles in their throats.

Yet most of these jokes about food, drink, fat, and so on, once deliciously humorous, somehow seem to have lost their zest. Something like them vaguely echoes now and then up the hot-air register (if "registers" still exist) on those glad nights when the cook's cousin drops in with a friend to finish what is left on the sideboard and the cold turkey you hoped to have for luncheon next day. But to a generation which has learned to think in the theater—even Ibsen is spoken of now as belonging to the past—they seem a bit remote and strange in a play. And poor Shallow, Slender, Pistol, and Nym, and their wordy slapstick fun fall almost as flat as the Shakespearean clown—than whom the modern stage offers few forms of torture more acute.

Visually the production was pleasing, naturally, and the scene in Windsor Forest had an atmospheric beauty, both in lighting and movement, very rare indeed. The New Theater Company, so excellent in the modern realistic vein, wandered through the strange labyrinth of Elizabethan lines and feeling like babes in the wood. You would scarcely realize—it might be added in passing—that you were seeing the same players in Pinero's "Thunderbolt," a play which, like "Strife" and "Don," shows this unusual stock company at its very best.

Mr. Pinero, for one thing, has never seemed more thoroughly sure of his technique than in this relentless presentation of the meanness and narrowness of a middle-class provincial English family. He moves from situation to situation with the sureness of a carpenter driving nails into soft pine. There is a continuous dramatic quality in the mere stage pictures—so happy is the combination of author, stage-manager, and these excellent players—Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. E. M. Holland, Mr. Anson, Mr. Gottschalk, Miss Thais Lawton, Miss Helen Reimer, and the

rately as he does those of Broadway, people would flock to his café to hear him recite his own poetry, and would probably take him very seriously and publish his verses in limp leather bindings.

Mr. Cohan keeps developing. He not only sings of Broadway, but he is getting to be a sort of song-bird and prophet of that frank materialism so characteristic of a certain side of New York, and indeed of America. It is for this reason that his "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," which he has arranged from stories written by Mr. George Randolph Chester for one of the magazines, is a much more genuine expression of his audience's notions of fun than anything a Falstaff might do, and for them at least a more satisfying form of art.

This get-rich-quick man comes to a little country town to inveigle the local financiers into investing in a company which is to manufacture a covered carpet-tack. The piercing eye of the critic perceives that he is nothing more nor less than a confidence man, in spite of the magnetic charm and healthy good humor of the young man who plays the part—yet his qualities of energy, resourcefulness, and his breezy command of all situations, are things which, in a little different form, are greatly admired in America—more generally admired, perhaps, than anything else.

There is a certain special pleasure to be derived from any sort of spontaneous art. Shakespeare's audiences liked to eat and drink, so they were amused at the sort of Gargantuan eater and drinker. Mr. Cohan's audiences like to make money, and it is natural that they should be amused by a man who makes it with absurd easiness and a light heart.

It is reassuring to record that Wallingford and his pal fall in love in the little town, experience a change of heart, and reform, as people fortunately are able to do, at least in plays. It should also be said that the covered carpet-tack turns out to be a good thing after all. At any rate, the sales are enormous, and that makes a thing good, presumably. Of course, Mr. Cohan is not alone in this worship of the main chance, but he worships with an unusually frank and childlike sincerity. Surely nothing could be more quaintly genuine—indeed, in its primal joy, quite truly Elizabethan—than the head waitress, who, having been swept up to luxury on the carpet-tack wave, languidly asks to be excused from shaking hands because her innumerable diamond rings would hurt her fingers.

### Some New Writers of Farce

IN OUR Dramatic Number last spring, on a page devoted to young American playwrights, was a photograph of Mr. Avery Hopwood sunning himself in the country, and looking very happy indeed. Mr. Hopwood looked happy because he was one of the authors of "Seven Days," and thereby placed not only beyond the dreams of avarice, but in the company of those likely to write something to-morrow more interesting than they have written to-day. In his new farcical romance, "Nobody's Widow," he seems to fulfil this promise.

We are introduced to a house party at Palm Beach, Florida, and our interest thoroughly aroused in a young American widow just home from abroad. Married in Europe, she is returning after her husband's sudden and rather mysterious death. She arrives enveloped in black, receives condolences,



The reporter and the feud-leader's daughter in "The Cub"

rest—and the whole makes an entertainment which it is an unusual pleasure and satisfaction to see.

### "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

LIKE the Elizabethans (to return to farce), Mr. George M. Cohan is not ashamed to express that which interests him most. I suggested some time ago that if Mr. Cohan lived in Paris instead of New York, wore velvet trousers and a Windsor tie, and expressed the feelings of Montmartre as accu-



—and one from Broadway

reads aloud from several sympathetic letters, and now and then has recourse to graceful tears. The others leave the stage—all except a good-looking young Englishman who has been watching things with more than usual interest—the young woman whirls round, levels her finger, and—"You're dead!" she cries.

It is the husband. He had been a young man of many affairs, and the spirited wife, furious to find him, only a few hours after the wedding ceremony, bidding farewell to one of the relics of his past with a consideration which even the necessity of "breaking it to her gently" seemed scarcely to justify, had determined never to see him again. Dead, to her at least, he should be, and to make it quite sure she divorced him, although this is not brought out until the necessities of the action demands.

#### "Nobody's Widow" and "The Cub"

SUCH is the situation. Of course the young people are still in love with each other at heart, and it is the business of the young husband to make his wife admit it. The dénouement may seem obvious enough, yet the progress thither is so wittily made, the slender thread of action so ingeniously eked out with theatrical artifice, that the general effect is that of rather unusual freshness. Mr. Hopwood is fortunate to have his little comedy put into such capable hands as those of Miss Blanche Bates and Mr. Bruce McRae. It is a pleasure to see a real person, like Miss Bates, in comedy again, to hear her clear English, and the earnestness which both these accomplished players throw into their gives even fragile situations reality and distinction.

Another young man whose photograph appeared in the same hall of fame was Mr. Thompson Buchanan, whose comedy, "A Woman's Way," has been playing this year in London. Mr. Buchanan has also kept at work, and his new farcical satire, "The Cub," strikes a vein almost unexplored. A young reporter from Colonel Watterson's Louisville "Courier-Journal" goes up into the Kentucky mountains while a feud is on. These savage vendettas have been treated seriously in many stories and invested with a fine medieval flavor and romantic charm. Mr. Buchanan, through the eyes of his wide-awake young reporter, takes very much the same satirical view as Mr. Bernard Shaw took toward the romantic little military kingdoms of southeastern Europe in "Arms and the Man."

One of the special correspondent's comments—"Seventeen men killed in a feud over a sow valued at one dollar and eighty-seven cents; that makes each man of them worth just eleven cents"—will suggest the general point of view. For three acts he is continuously on the point of being shot, but he finally settles the feud, and gets safely away, not only with his hat-box and the evening clothes which the inexorable habits of a leading man—even when he is a country cub reporter—compel him to take into the mountains, but also brings back with him the feud-leader's lovely daughter.

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks plays the part of the cub—a rôle in which the freshness, which is his main asset, seems really natural and part of the character instead of getting on one's nerves. In order to kiss the lady of his heart young Mr. Fairbanks "chins" himself twice on the cabin rafters, and the theater is

spellbound at this display of virility and strength. He comes to the truce dance, a country breakdown, where everybody appears in simplest raiment, not only in evening clothes whose perfection of cut would attract attention in the society of the most effete, but adorned fore and aft with glittering black jet buttons, and the house—at least the gentler portion of it—almost swoons away in admiration. If it wasn't for the less noticeable things—which Mr. Fairbanks does capably—who wouldn't be a star!

#### "Getting a Polish"

THE redoubtable firm of Tarkington and Wilson have outdone the pelican in sacrificing themselves for the benefit of their offspring. In order to provide a vehicle for the genial Falstaffian humor of Miss May Irwin they have gone to the length of making grotesque and ridiculous the really genuine feeling which underlay "The Man From Home." And in "Getting a Polish" we have an impossible lady from Montana who has struck it rich in a mine showing her democratic simplicity by taking off her tight shoes in a Hotel Ritz reception-room, and receiving various sprigs of decadent aristocracy without troubling to button up the second and more comfortable pair.

Of course Miss Irwin is as delightfully amusing as ever, and she is even allowed to sing several of her inimitable songs. The piece provides a sufficiently entertaining evening, and shows traces of intelligent satire of present-day individualism, but it is, on the whole, rather rough work to bear the names of the authors of "The Man From Home."

## The Ballinger Verdict

### The Opinions of Important Newspapers Throughout the Country

#### Hostility to the Public Interests

(From the New York "Evening Post")

WE HAVE repeatedly stated our own conclusion on this subject, and our reasons for it, and it is needless on the present occasion to say more than that this verdict of the majority members is, in our judgment, inconsistent with a number of facts brought out in the inquiry. . . . To our mind it is quite clear that Mr. Ballinger started out in a spirit of hostility not merely to the special views of men like Pinchot and Garfield, but to the carrying out of a policy for the protection of the public interests to which the Government was distinctly pledged; and in more than one instance he sought, in devious ways, to throw the responsibility of acts inimical to that policy upon other persons—this, however remote from his mind may have been any dishonest purpose.

#### Secretary Ballinger Should Resign

(From the New York "World")

NO VINDICATION of Secretary Ballinger by a partizan majority of a Congressional investigating committee can change the fact that he has lost public confidence and that his resignation would lift a load from the Taft Administration. The majority insists that Mr. Ballinger is "a competent and honorable gentleman, honestly and faithfully performing the duties of his high office." The minority insists as stridently that he is not fit for his office. In addition, there is an insurgent opinion against Mr. Ballinger. To the average man this is only so much turmoil and confusion; but one thing is clear and unmistakable. There is too much in Mr. Ballinger's record that required explanation, and whatever action Congress may take, the best thing that he can do is to retire. A Cabinet officer ought to be a help to the Administration, not a burden, and Mr. Ballinger will be a burden as long as he remains in office. We do not believe his services are worth the price that the Taft Administration has been compelled to pay for them, and his services to the country are certainly not worth the doubt, anxiety, and trouble that he has caused.

#### The End of "Snake-Killing"

(From the Providence, R. I., "Journal")

THE majority report is not surprising except, perhaps, because it protests so extravagantly. Its suggestion of animosity on the part of those responsible for the accusations is manifestly unwarranted by anything adduced in the testimony; whereas there was a convincing show of animosity in the performances, in the name of the Administration, which forced the "Ballinger-Pinchot controversy" to the stage of a Congressional inquiry. There is satisfaction, regardless of partizan conflict, in that the material purpose of the complainants seems to have been advanced. Mr. Ballinger, willy-nilly, has accommodated himself to the enlightened policy of his accusers; and, incidentally, "snake-killing" has been summarily suspended.

#### The Whitewashing of Ballinger

(From the Baltimore, Md., "Evening Sun")

BY THE completeness of their vindication, the majority members of the Ballinger Investigating Committee defeat their own ends. If they had attempted to explain away the Secretary's evasiveness and equivocation on the witness-stand, and his inevitably friendly attitude toward the corporation that has tried to grab and monopolize the Alaska coal lands, they might have



Sec. Ballinger—"Well, I think I am going to have a white Christmas"

McCutcheon, in the Chicago "Tribune"

convinced some individuals of their intention to be fair and just in their decision. But by exonerating Ballinger so utterly and thoroughly they establish beyond question what was already suspected, that the vindication was prearranged and had to be put through regardless of facts or figures.

#### The Next Move

(From the Richmond, Va., "Times-Despatch")

IF WE were in Ballinger's place, now that he has been cleared by the committee of investigation, we should decline to serve any longer as head of the Interior Department. He knows, of course, that Mr. Taft has suffered much embarrassment by his continued connection with the Administration, but has stuck to him through thick and thin, and should be relieved by any further responsibility for him.

#### Retirement Called for

(From the New York "Globe")

THE interesting and the new thing in the report is its declaration against the policy Mr. Ballinger has advised and is advising with respect to the disposition of the Alaska coal lands. The committee says these lands should never be sold, but leased, thus agreeing with Pinchot. . . . It would thus seem that the probability of Mr. Ballinger's retirement from the Cabinet is increased rather than diminished—a retirement, however, not based on anything reflecting on his honor, but due to a difference of opinion concerning a prime matter of policy.

#### An Unworthy Report

(From the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle")

THE report of the Standpatter Republican members of the joint committee to investigate Secretary Ballinger is a tactless document, whether one looks upon its reasoning as special pleading or as sincerely representing the outcome of the investigation. The slapping at James R. Garfield, as having made haphazard with-

drawals of public lands, which Mr. Ballinger thought "unwarranted and without legal basis," is bad enough. The insinuation of unworthy purpose in the allegation that Mr. Garfield made such withdrawals in large numbers "after he had ascertained that he would not be retained under President Taft" is worse.

#### The Chance for a Graceful Exit

(From the New York "Evening Mail")

SUCH as it is, however, Mr. Ballinger has his vindication. We know of no better time than now for him to resign and ease his loyal chief of the burden which his presence in the Cabinet, and the conflict it stands for, puts upon the Administration.

#### Neglect of the People's Interest

(From Pittsburg, Pa., "Post")

IF MR. TAFT, then, sticks pat, it will become another count against the genial occupant of the White House who smiles. It would be as tiresome as the message to renew the points made pro and con. The people read the testimony while it was being adduced. These seven held for Ballinger just because, politically, they are built that way. One, a Mr. Flint of California, went to Europe and left his views with a proxy. The committee finds no case has been made out. Certainly, no case warranting impeachment; but a case of suspicious neglect of the people's interest, together with a persistent attempt to pettifog the matter and befool even the President.

#### The End of the Ballinger Case

(From the Springfield, Mass., "Republican")

IT IS to be hoped that Secretary Ballinger will be satisfied with the verdict of the majority, who have been really kind to him in drawing up their conclusions so unqualifiedly, and hand in his resignation to the President at an early day. The Secretary could not be blamed for refusing to retire from the Cabinet under the fire that had been directed against him; nor could the President consistently or even honorably demand a resignation so long as no verdict by the committee had been handed in. Politically, however, Mr. Ballinger became impossible many months ago, and the late developments in the political field have made him no more desirable as a member of the Administration. . . . If the President can now do something toward restoring the prestige of his Administration by removing the Interior Department from the field of controversy and recrimination, he will be fortunate indeed. Personally, no doubt, Mr. Ballinger will now welcome the chance to taste again the sweets of private life. There is no place like home.

#### The Right Place for Ballinger

(From the Philadelphia "North American")

THE best the whitewash committee could do was to declare Ballinger the right man in the wrong place. The right place seems to be George W. Perkins's private yacht.

#### A Handicap to the Administration

(From the Chicago "Record-Herald")

BUT whether it is politic for him to remain in office even after the vindication is a question. For the report is not likely to make many converts, and an unpopular Cabinet officer is sadly handicapped and is a handicap to the Administration with which he is connected.



## HAYES

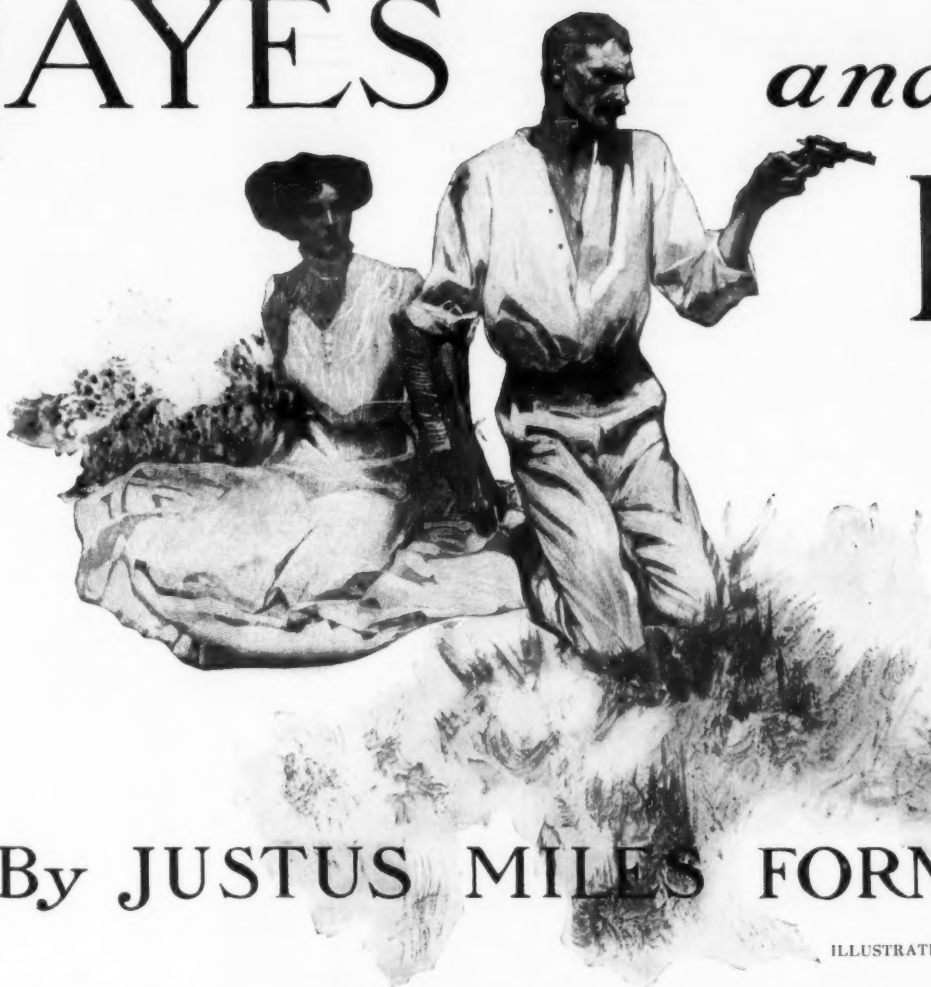
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## Harvest Moon

*The Story of a  
Man, a Woman, and  
a Pearl*

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK CRAIG



**D**'YOU happen to have been at Levuka in the Fijis? No! Of course not. I was going to tell about an odd thing that happened there.

You'll have to fancy a little high green island with a crescent bay and traders' stores along the beach road, and houses climbing up the hillside above. You'll have to fancy a wooden wharf with copra piled on it in sacks, and native johnnies sitting about in the sun with lime plastered on their hair to dye it yellow, and a bit of bright-colored trade print twisted about their waists by way of clothes. You'll have to fancy a blue sky and a blue sea, and palm trees, and big red flowers, and a yellow beach with little cheerful waves lap-lapping on it all day long. And you'll have to fancy hot sunshine and the easterly trade winds warming you and cooling you together: the smell of the salt shore and the smell of the heated jungle behind.

Levuka's something like that.

The Rede-Barneses—Mr. and Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes—touched there on a cruise they were making among the islands in Rede-Barnes's yacht *Pique Dame*, with a company of Rede-Barnes's friends who were cheap and nasty and played most peculiar bridge.

The odd thing that happened has, for the most part, to do with Lady Evelyn. She'd fallen into a habit, when the yacht was in port, of slipping away from the others and going off on long solitary walks. She wasn't afraid, for the natives are a peaceable lot, and besides she carried one of those little automatic pistols that fire five shots very hard and fast. She lived on those walks, I think—looked forward to them—back over them. They must have seemed to her like hours out of prison. You see she'd been married a year to that snarling little cur.

It seems she set off early on the morning they reached Levuka. She walked down the beach road past the stores of the traders and, beyond them, past little bungalows half hidden behind clumps of hibiscus and poinsettia and bougainvillea and other big flowers that she didn't know the names of. She rounded a point of the island, and all at once the port and the stores and houses, the canoes on the shore, the yacht at anchor, were lost to sight and hearing. The road ended, and there was just a long winding ribbon of yellow beach and the sea and the palm trees.

I fancy her, you know, drawing a long sigh of relief. She walked on slowly along that golden beach, prodding with her closed sunshade at the little bright shells underfoot, or at the iridescent, blue-green, cast-off clothes of giant crayfish. Once a brown Fijian boy passed by, dragging a pair of coconuts, and he husked one of them, and chipped off its top, and she drank, for she was thirsty, and the boy went on his way, pleased as Punch, with a shilling in his mouth. After that she sat for a while on a fallen tree, very comfortable and idle and without thought, and finally took up her walk again.

She came upon a white man sitting against a rock in a spot of shade and reading a newspaper. He seemed to be a rather young man—not over thirty, she thought—and he had yellow hair and a little upturned yellow mustache. He wore white drill trousers and a soft shirt, open at the throat, with its sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He seemed very much interested in the newspaper, for he didn't look up at all until Lady Evelyn spoke to him; then he gave a violent start and got to his feet more swiftly than it seemed possible for any one to move.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," she said to the man, "but I wanted to ask how much farther I can walk along this shore. A little native boy told me something I didn't quite understand about the beach coming to an end."

"Oh, yes," the yellow-haired man said. "It ends just round the point, hard by. There's half a mile of sheer cliff beyond." Now that his momentary alarm was over he was quite at his ease, and eyed her frankly but without the least rudeness. It seemed to Lady Evelyn that he made, in that extremely informal attire, about the finest figure of a man that she had ever seen, though that was to say a great deal for a woman who had been born and brought up in England. She was tall herself, but he topped her by so much that she knew he must be well over six feet, and he looked very strong and hard and fit. His face and his forearms and his thick round throat were sunburnt brown as leather, but she saw that when he stirred, and the soft shirt was drawn a little aside at his neck, his skin was whiter than her own. She had an instant's vision of little Rede-Barnes and of his friends on the yacht—not bad physical specimens, one or two of them—and she wondered how long they would last, singly or altogether, in combat with this young yellow-haired giant who read newspapers on a lonely beach.

**L**ADY EVELYN said something apologetic about having interrupted his reading, and the young man laughed at her, and asked if she thought the Angel Gabriel would apologize for trumpeting the dead people out of their graves to go to heaven. That seemed to her such an uncommonly good little speech to happen upon in the Fiji Islands that Lady Evelyn was pleased and interested. She sat down on the edge of the shaded rock and the two fell into talk.

The yellow-haired young man was by no means shy or secretive. He explained that he read newspapers whenever and wherever he could beg, borrow, find, or steal them because newspapers seldom came his way.

"I don't belong to the civilized world any longer," he said, "and I shall probably never see London again. I never saw a suffragette, but I like to read about them. I think they're funny. Fancy padlocking yourself to an iron railing to annoy the police! That's a jolly clever idea."

Lady Evelyn caught at that phrase about never seeing London again and asked if he had meant it.

"Something of the sort," said the yellow-haired young man.

"Oh, don't think I'm sniveling!" he exclaimed, when she looked up at him.

"It's all right, you know. I don't want to go back. I'm contented here. I had twenty-five years of respectability—common, dull, dismal respectability. I wouldn't go back to it for the Crown jewels. I wasn't born to be respectable. I hated it. I hate the thought of it now." He pointed out to sea, and she became aware of a small schooner at anchor a hundred yards off shore—a boat drawn up on the sand. She hadn't noticed them until then.

"That little tub out yonder," said he, "is mine. On board that schooner I'm a sovereign. I'm Prime Minister and King and God, all rolled into one. My four Kanaka boys pray to me. And I've an island a hundred miles or so from here. It's small, but it's mine. When I'm tired of swaggering about the Pacific in the *Nabuna* I go to Tuvana and rest. They pray to me there, too."

He broke off and laughed, narrowing his eyes at her.

"I sound like a little boastful, bragging boy, don't I?" But Lady Evelyn didn't laugh. She said:

"Yes, you do rather. And I think I like it. You've got something to boast of."

"Well, I'm free, anyhow," said he. "Free as air. And that's something, isn't it?"

"Something!" cried Lady Evelyn. "Something! It is the only thing in this dreadful world that is worth having. Keep it! Cling to it! Never let it go! Fight for it with the last bit of strength in your body! Put it up on an altar and pray to it! And if ever you lose it, drown yourself or cut your throat.—I know what I'm talking about."

The man stared at her very curiously, and for a time she met his eyes with a sort of defiance. Then she got red and looked away over the sea, and neither of them said anything more for a while.

She seems to have thought some sort of explanation necessary after that little outburst, for she said at last:

"You see, we all have our dreams—only they never come true. Yours have come true, and that seems to me so splendid and so wonderful that I'm rather emphatic about it. You're the only really free man I've ever spoken to."

"Aren't you free?" the yellow-haired man asked, and she laughed—but I fancy it wasn't much of a laugh. He scowled over it.

"I?" said Lady Evelyn.

She held up her hands and shook them at him.

"Can't you hear my chains rattle? I'm a life prisoner. You don't know anything about prison, do you? You're a king. I'm looking out of my cell window at this moment, and I see your kingdom—wide blue seas, and palms, and bright flowers, and miles of yellow beach. I envy you, you know. Oh, dearie me, how I envy you!"

The man she'd called a king looked at Lady Evelyn's left hand and at the wedding ring there, and he scowled once more, but there seemed to be nothing to say, so he only scowled and chafed his hands together and looked from Lady Evelyn's face down to the sand and dug his toes into it.

She watched the muscles swell and play about his thick neck when he bent his head down.

I think it's these little silences that bring people closer together than any words could possibly do. When there has been serious talk—frank, from an open heart, and words at length have failed for fear of saying too much, then there comes a silence and, in it, something strange—electrical—that can't be described.

I think something of the sort occurred between these two who came from such opposite poles of the universe to meet on an island beach—the duke's daughter and the South Sea tramp. Perhaps they were brought all the closer because they came from so far apart. Sometimes it's so.

Lady Evelyn sat for a long time with her eyes upon that yellow-haired adventurer who gazed down on the sand at his feet. He must, I fancy, have stirred something in her—something very deep. I judge by what followed. Perhaps it was not only the man, but what he symbolized—what she'd spoken of so emphatically—freedom—romance. I'm remembering Rede-Barnes and his friends on the yacht.

Lady Evelyn drew a little sigh, and presently she asked a very rude question. It was a way she had—a way many of her class have, but somehow they carry it off when the rest of us couldn't. She asked:

"What's that you have hanging from your neck—inside?"

The man looked up at her very sharp and keen, and, although the two of them were quite plainly alone there, he looked round about him, and overhead where the upland lifted steep off the beach. Then he said in a low voice:

"The Harvest Moon."

LADY EVELYN gave a sudden cry, repeating the name, but half-way she stifled the cry with a hand over her mouth, and she dropped her voice as he'd done. She said:

"Good Heavens! do you mean that? The Harvest Moon? It can't be true."

Of course she knew all about that historic pearl, as everybody knows who has ever been south of the Line, and a good many who haven't. She'd heard of it everywhere. She knew its gigantic money value and what it had cost in blood and lives and misery and scandal. She knew of the two great families that had been wrecked by it—the august gentleman who through one of its scandals had been recalled to England. She'd heard the most fantastic tales about the Harvest Moon—the "Ruby in a Mist"—the "Pestilence"—it had a dozen names—and, as a matter of fact, quite half the tales were true.

"The Harvest Moon!" said she in a whisper. "It's incredible! What are you doing with the Harvest Moon, and how in the world did you come by it?"

He told her how a Tahitian, to whom he'd done a good turn, had died on his schooner and, before he died, had taken the pearl out of his wool, where it was fastened, and given it to his benefactor.

"How this johnnie came by it," said he, "I don't know. Perhaps he stole it from that Frenchman Lady what's-her-name ran away with from Melbourne. The Frenchman was murdered, you remember, at Papeete."

Lady Evelyn gave a little shiver.

"I should be afraid of it," she said. "Every one who ever owned it or had anything to do with it has come to a bad end. I think if I had the Harvest Moon I'd throw it into the sea." But the yellow-haired man shook his head.

"No, you wouldn't, not after you'd seen it once."

HE GOT to his feet and walked a little way up and down the beach, and he searched the steep side of the hill above with his eyes. Then he sat down again, a little nearer to where Lady Evelyn was. He pulled out a cheap brass locket that hung about his neck by a leather thong and opened it, and began unwinding something that was wrapped in many little squares of thin silk. One of the squares of silk was black, and, when he had come to the

end, he laid the Harvest Moon upon the black square, in his hand, and the two of them bent over it together.

It was a great pink pearl, pear-shaped, and it seemed to glow as if there were fires inside it. Its mother might have been a pearl and its father an opal. It was like nothing Lady Evelyn had ever seen. It seemed to be alive. She fancied she saw it move. I myself saw it once, when the great lady in Melbourne owned it—the one who afterward ran away with the Frenchman—and I shall never forget.

IT WAS like looking at the little blood clot that has gone to the brain of some poor chap and turned him into a grotesque and wholesale murderer.

Lady Evelyn drew a great deep breath, and she was rather pale. She said:



At the top of the gangway stood Hayes, tall and terrible

"No, I shouldn't throw it into the sea. I couldn't. You're quite right." She sat up once more and raised her eyes.

"I'm glad to have seen the Harvest Moon," she said. "It was hard to understand, before, how a pearl could have bewitched and ruined so many people. Now I know. I suppose it has bewitched me too—like the rest." She leaned back against the rock, looking rather grave and thoughtful and a little tired, and she didn't speak while the man re-wound his treasure in its coverings and put it away once more in the cheap brass locket. But as he was finishing, the faint sound of a bell came to them across the sea from the little schooner. Lady Evelyn listened and said:

"Eight bells. Oh, dear! it's noon, and I must be getting back to the yacht. Will you help me up?" She put out her hands and the man lifted her to her feet. He'd turned quiet and grave, too. The Harvest Moon seems, in some odd fashion, to have sobered them both.

"It occurs to me, rather late," she said, "that we don't know each other's names. I'm Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes. My husband and I are here with a party on our yacht *Pique Dame*."

"*Pique Dame*?" said the man. "Oh, yes! that means the Queen of Spades. It's a jolly name, rather."

"It's hideous," said Lady Evelyn. "The Queen of Spades is a very sinister person.—Not that I care much. You haven't told me your name. What is it?"

And he said: "Hayes. But the natives call me 'Tui-Tuvana'—The Lord of Tuvana."

Lady Evelyn put out her hand, and he took it and held it. She said:

"Good-by, Tui-Tuvana. We two probably shan't meet again. I go back to prison and you to your kingdom. I shall remember you and envy you."

"I wish—" said the man Hayes awkwardly, "I wish—"

But Lady Evelyn shook her head.

"Wishing's no good. I've wished a lot in my time. Good-by!" She withdrew her hand from his hold and turned and went away down the yellow beach.

Once, as she rounded the first point, she glanced back, and Hayes was standing quite still where she had left him, his hands at his sides, his head bent, looking upon the ground.

BUT the Harvest Moon—so I take it—had linked these two together, and that wasn't the end by any means.

They met again very strangely that afternoon.

A half-dozen of the yacht's company—Rede-Barnes not among them—went ashore about three o'clock to visit a certain waterfall high up near the top of the mountainous island. They had some native boys and girls for guides, and they carried tea baskets, to do the thing comfortably.

The waterfall was well worth seeing, and Lady Evelyn was glad she had come, but she didn't want any tea, and so, when the others were seated in a circle gorging themselves upon cakes, and champagne-cup out of a thermos bottle, she wandered off alone among the trees, and, after a half-hour, found herself quite unexpectedly upon the crest of the farther side of the island, high up over the beach where she had sat in the morning. She could see, a couple of hundred feet beneath her, the very rock against which she had leaned, and she could see the schooner riding at anchor, off-shore, but the boat that had been drawn up on the sand was gone. She wondered where Hayes was, and she spoke aloud—the sound of her voice startled her a little.

"I wish I might see him. I wish I might see him just once more."

SHE sat down on the turf, and she found herself suddenly very tired in all sorts of ways—physically tired, and mentally, too. She thought of the little company of people a mile away, stuffing and guzzling beside that waterfall, and she hated them. She thought of Rede-Barnes (the little cur had been carrying

on, of late, with one of the other women), and the picture of him turned her sick. She looked ahead at her life to come, and it seemed to her nightmarish—intolerable. A fantastic wish swept across her mind that that tall, strong, clean young man with the yellow hair would come out from among the trees and pick her up in his arms, without asking permission, and carry her off to his green island where the people prayed to him.

A sound mounted up to her from below. It wasn't loud, but it was unmistakably the sound of a shot. She got at once to her feet and looked. For a moment she could see nothing, but she heard another shot, and then, hard upon it, a man came into sight, running along the yellow beach, down beside the water where the sand was hard. Fifty yards behind him ran six natives in lava-lavas of colored print, and each of them held in his hand a long heavy knife that the sun winked upon—all but one, and this man had a rifle—though firearms are forbidden to the islanders.

THE native with the rifle stopped suddenly and went down upon his knee. Lady Evelyn cried out, and she saw the puff of smoke from the muzzle of the rifle, and, after it, heard a whip-like report, but the bullet must have gone wild. The white man halted and threw out one arm. There was another puff of smoke and a louder report—like the first two she had heard. The native with the rifle fell on his face and lay still.

Then the white man turned sharply up the beach, and Lady Evelyn gave another cry, and began to tremble violently, for the man was Hayes. He made



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*Robert J. Collier*

for the bed of a dry water course that was cut in the mountainside like a shallow, irregular scar from the crest, near where the woman stood watching, down to the rocks and sand, and it made excellent cover. Hayes bolted into it, and the five natives, who had stopped and hung back for an instant, raised a shout and followed him.

Lady Evelyn, on her knees at the brink of the height, stared down the twisting slope and watched the man beneath her. Once when he was nearly half-way to the top he seemed to be about to take shelter behind a rock and fight it out there. Then she called to him: "Hayes! Hayes!" And he looked up and saw. He began to climb faster.

When he was within speaking distance he waved his arm, and she heard him shout in hard-drawn gasps:

"Go away! Run for it!" But at that she pulled from her belt the little pistol she always carried there and held it up for him to see. He gave a glad cry and climbed on, but he climbed very slowly now, on hands and knees, and she saw that he was almost done.

A few yards from the top he dropped, tried to raise himself, and rolled behind a boulder.

Lady Evelyn let herself over the edge of the bank and slipped and scrambled down to where he was. The man's face was gray with exhaustion, and drawn and thin, but, though his strength was gone, he was not done yet. She found him, revolver in hand—a big Colt—lying on his side waiting. He whispered to her:

"Go back! For God's sake go back while you can! They won't touch you if you go now. They're after the Harvest Moon."

He lifted the Colt and fired, and the nearest pursuer dropped back screaming. There were four left, and they had scattered among the rocks and were climbing, each on his own line. Lady Evelyn knelt close beside the man Hayes. She asked:

"How many cartridges have you left?" And he said:

"Two. I'd only the single clip. I wasn't expecting a war. If you won't go away for God's sake will you go for mine?"

"I have five," said she. "When yours are gone take my revolver—if there's time. I think they mean to rush us from both sides." She was full of excitement—thrilled with it from head to foot, but she was as steady as a veteran.

ment—thrilled with it from head to foot, but she was as steady as a veteran.

One of the men to the left of their rock threw his heavy knife from the shelter of a thicket, and it grazed Hayes's shoulder. Hayes got to his knees and fired. He must have missed, for the two natives broke cover together. He fired again at the second man, the one who still had a weapon. The fellow went down, and Lady Evelyn saw Hayes spring to his feet to meet the other.

The rest of it all came too quickly for word or thought. The remaining two natives, on the right, leaped over the rocks and closed in shouting. Lady Evelyn knelt up, held the Browning out a little way from her, and it seemed to explode of itself. She was unaware of pulling the trigger. The first man dropped to his knees, staring at her, coughed and crumpled up without a sound. The fellow behind him gave one shrill little cry like a frightened beast, turned tail and began to run down the mountainside, leaping and stumbling and crashing among the bushes.

THEN Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes quite properly fainted dead away, as any lady should.

She came to under pleasant and delightful circumstances. Hayes—Tui-Tuvana—knelt over her, holding her in his arms and calling upon her in distracted tones to come back to him. Her head lay against his breast where there was something hard and uncomfortable—the Harvest Moon, probably. He called her lovely things in English, and in Fijian that she didn't understand—Seni-Langi, "Sky-Flower"—Andi-Matakami-kamitha, "Lady Sweet Eyes," and such like. And she thought he had been kissing her too, but she wasn't quite sure of that.

When she was ready she opened her eyes and sat up, and presently he helped her to her feet.

"They're gone?" she asked him, and he said to her: "Yes, God bless you! They're gone. You've saved my life."

"Save mine, Hayes!" said she. And the man began to tremble all over.

Lady Evelyn said:

"I can't go on any longer as I've been going. It's intolerable. Will you take me away?"

"Oh, my God!" said he, and went down on his knees, and held her hands against his face.

They talked it over, the two of them, standing there on the mountainside with the dead men round them, and they made their plans. They were to slip away that night.

"I shan't be able to stay here another day after this row," Hayes said. "The Resident is down on me. He'd like nothing better than a chance, and now he has his chance. I can't tell him why these beggars were after me—the Harvest Moon. He'll make it plain murder. I must sail to-night." He told her where to come to him—at the western end of the beach road where the lights stop. He was to be there with his boat at ten o'clock.

"You won't fail me?" he asked her at the last. And she smiled and said:

"No, Hayes. No!"

"If you did," said he, "I think I should storm the Pique Dame and carry you off."

Lady Evelyn looked him in the eyes, and, under her breath, she laughed a little, but it wasn't as if she saw anything funny. It was another kind of laugh altogether. She said:

"I should want you to, Tui-Tuvana."

She glanced once at the dead men among the rocks and shivered and went away to join her guests.

Ten o'clock Hayes had said. Ten o'clock at the western end of the beach road where the lights stop. But at ten o'clock she was on the afterdeck of the Pique Dame, walking back and forth and shivering, though the night was warm and she had a wrap over her bare shoulders.

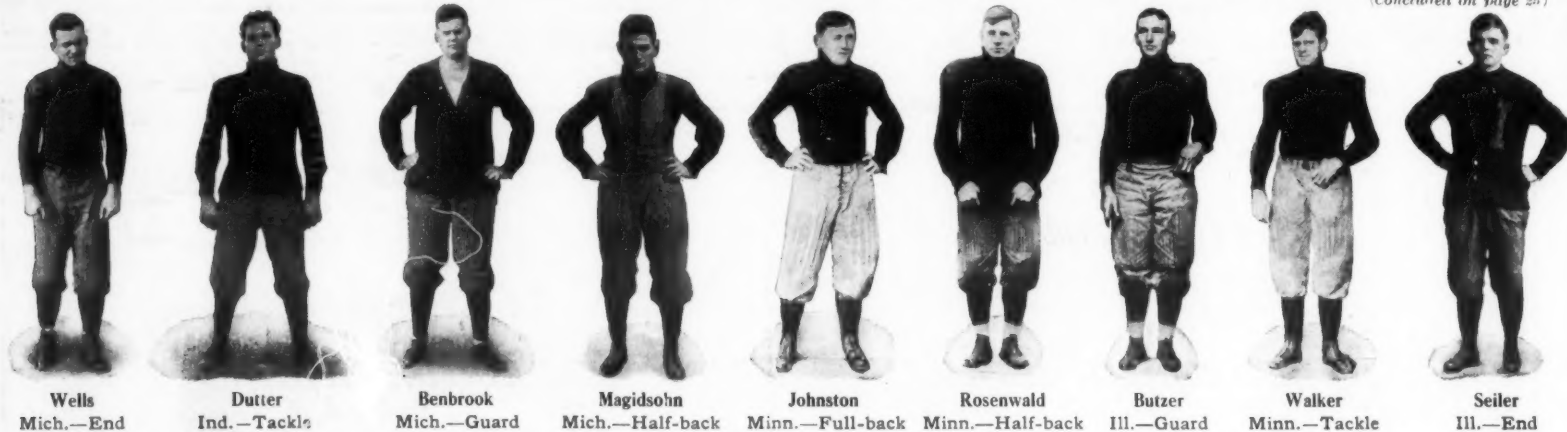
She couldn't go.

Before dinner was over she'd found that out. After all, stone walls—or golden walls, if you like—do a prison make in spite of all the poetry books—and iron bars a cage. She couldn't go. At dinner she looked down the table at those two rows of prettily dressed rotters—at little Rede-Barnes, who was drinking too much and getting purple over it. They made her flesh creep, and she wished them dead, one and all. She thought of Hayes and freedom—the wide blue seas and his little island. They called aloud to her and she yearned for them.

And still she couldn't go.

She was afraid. There's the truth of it, I expect—as near the truth as any one will ever get. The stone walls had been round about her too long. The

(Concluded on page 25)



## The All-Western Football Team

*The Ranking of the Leading Colleges and Players for the Season of 1910*

By E. C. PATTERSON

TO MICHIGAN must be awarded the Western Football Championship for 1910. Coming next to Michigan is Minnesota. It is impossible to give Illinois a position better than third place, even though that eleven went through the season without a defeat. If the Western football schedule had brought Michigan and Illinois together, the seemingly impossible might have happened. Illinois might have beaten Michigan, but those who watched the playing of the two teams could see nothing which might indicate that Illinois had the slightest chance to beat Yost's eleven.

Minnesota is given second place, having lost to Michigan. The Gophers were about on a par with Michigan, having one of the best teams that they have had in years. They lost in a fierce, hard game by one touchdown, made by a burst of strategy which Yost had held up his sleeve almost until the final whistle. In the first period of the Michigan-Minnesota game, Minnesota scored a touchdown after blocking a punt, but the ball struck the umpire and had to be brought back. In a second game the result might

End . . . . .	WELLS, Michigan
Tackle . . . . .	WALKER, Minnesota
Guard . . . . .	BENBROOK, Michigan
Center . . . . .	TWIST, Illinois
Guard . . . . .	BUTZER, Illinois
Tackle . . . . .	DUTTER, Indiana
End . . . . .	SEILER, Illinois
Quarter-back . . . . .	McGOVERN, Minnesota
Half-back . . . . .	MAGIDSOHN, Michigan
Half-back . . . . .	ROSENWALD, Minnesota
Full-back . . . . .	JOHNSTON, Minnesota

have been different, so closely were the two elevens matched.

This was the only game which Minnesota lost, while both Michigan and Minnesota defeated easily the elevens which Illinois had a hard time to beat. Minnesota defeated Chicago 24 to 0, while the best Illinois could do was to beat Chicago by a drop-kick. Minnesota just romped through the game with Wisconsin, and Wisconsin beat Chicago 10 to 5 at the end of the season, after Staggs had had an opportunity to bring his men up to the finest condition and efficiency, and few are better qualified than he to get

the best out of mediocre material. Both Michigan and Illinois played Syracuse, and Michigan defeated this team with comparative ease. Syracuse did not allow Illinois to cross her goal line, Illinois having to be content in winning by a drop-kick alone. The above reasons are considered by the writer to be sufficient to give the championship to Michigan, but Illinois must be given credit for an excellent team. This college, which in previous years has not been a real contender for the championship honors in football, flashed into the Western limelight this year with a team that for fleetness probably was ahead of any other Western eleven. Its greatest handicap, perhaps, was that it did not possess weight. It is unfortunate that the schedule did not provide for games which would have brought this eleven into actual contact with Minnesota or Michigan. In the absence of such a game, one has only to use his judgment on comparative merits without actually seeing the rivals playing in the same field against each other.

Indiana, under Sheldon's direction, turned out a splendid team. Wisconsin and Chicago can hardly be called disappointments, because with the ma-



Twist  
Ill.—Center

(Concluded on page 26)



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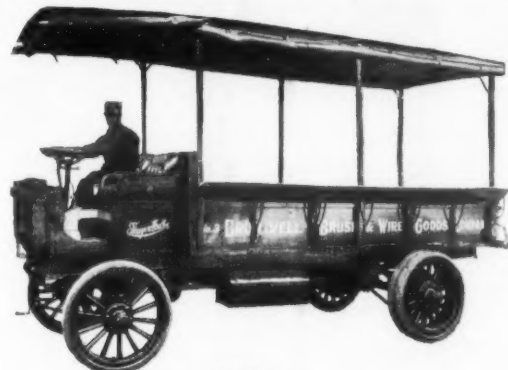
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(Signed) THOS. G. MELISH, Vice-President.

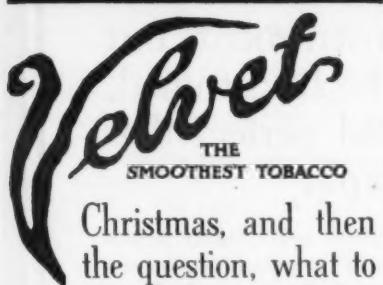
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## Hayes and the Harvest Moon

(Concluded from page 28)

chains she talked of had rusted home. I fancy she began to realize the terrific hold of habit, the sheer, immovable weight of inertia.

After dinner, on deck, the others settled themselves to bridge under the awning. Lady Evelyn walked up and down. She heard two bells go, and then three, and at last four. Four bells—ten o'clock. The man was waiting for her in the gloom at the western end of the beach road. She went right astern and stood by the taffrail, hidden behind the hand-steering gear. The tide was making in and the *Pique Dame* lay with her stern inshore. Standing there Lady Evelyn saw the few huddled lights of the settlement—the long row of lamps that marked the beach road. She was hot and cold together, and her knees trembled. Her mind was like a fever-patient's mind—or like a little frightened child's—chaos. Out beyond in that warm darkness were love and freedom—a life (so she pictured it) of thrilling romance—heights that her heart and soul cried out for.

And she couldn't go. She heard the voices and laughter of the card players behind her, and somebody calling for more claret-cup. A long-boat, eight-oared, swept past. She heard it hailed from the bridge of the yacht, and heard the man in the stern-sheets explain that he was the port police looking out for a fellow called Hayes who'd been doing wholesale murder. The boat went on and five bells struck.

THE little Irish bo'sun slipped aft and spoke to her in a low voice. The lad was a sort of slave of hers, and to him she'd given orders to have the yawl ready at the gangway before four bells with her bag hidden in it. She was to have explained that she wanted to paddle about the bay for an hour in the starlight.

"I've changed my mind," Lady Evelyn said. She wondered a little at her strange voice. "Get the bag back to my cabin without any one seeing." The bo'sun slipped away again, and she leaned against the taffrail, blind and sick.

The minutes dragged on, and it must have been near six bells.

"He's gone, now," said Lady Evelyn. She looked once more toward the row of lamps along the beach road. "He's given me up and gone. It's all over."

Quite suddenly one of the women under the deck awning uttered a sharp, frightened scream, and a man said:

"For God's sake, what's that?" Lady Evelyn heard her husband's unsteady voice. "Now then, what the devil do you want?" She heard exclamations and cries—the little crash of an overturned table. But above the scuffle and the uproar she heard a high, strong voice:

"Where is she? What have you done with her?" She was shaking from head to foot, but somehow she made her way into the circle of light.

Alone at the top of the lowered gangway the man Hayes, called Tui-Tuvana, stood, tall and white and terrible, with the big Colt automatic before him in his hand.

The woman had failed him, but he had kept his word.

Once more he called out: "Where is she? Where is she?"—caught sight of her suddenly and gave a shout.

Lady Evelyn stepped forward among those huddling, frightened sheep. The cloak had slipped from her shoulders, and she went with her hands out before her like a woman groping in the dark.

"Come!" said Hayes at the gangway, and laughed—a splendid figure against that mean throng—the figure of a man. She found a gasping voice and cried out with it:

"I can't! I can't! For Heaven's sake, go back!"

In the little silence there was a sound of swift oars rowing together. The man must have heard it, but he paid no heed. He came a step forward, and one of the frightened women began to sob and whimper like a child. Rede-Barnes shouted for help, and some one answered from the forward deck. They heard running feet.

Hayes bent forward, staring at Lady Evelyn across the half-dozen paces that lay between them. His face was drawn in a great perplexity—a sort of incredulous wonder.

"You won't come?" said he. "Do you mean you won't come? You've failed me—after all?"

She thrust out her two hands at him desperately, crying:

"Go back! Go back! The police—they're after you! Oh, go back while you can!"

The sound of oars stopped with a clatter under the yacht's side. Hayes glanced once over his shoulder and back to the face

of the woman who had failed him. Men began to run up the steps of the gangway—closed in upon him from the forward deck. Rede-Barnes from a strategic position behind several of his guests shouted incessantly for help.

The man gave a sobbing curse, turned and ran aft along the rail. They called to him to halt—a babble of sound broke out—even certain of those valiant souls in dinner coats ran a few steps forward, very bold and threatening now the quarry's back was turned. From the top of the gangway the officer of port police cried: "Halt! my man, or I'll fire on you," and in another instant did fire twice.

Hayes returned a single shot, hasty and wild, vaulted the rail and was gone with a great splash.

They were after him like hounds upon a fresh scent—the police boat—the yawl—Hayes's own dinghy in which he had come. Rede-Barnes had an inspiration. He began to shout for the searchlight, and one of the yacht's officers called an "Aye, aye, sir!" from the bridge. Lady Evelyn ran to her husband and caught him by the shoulders.

"You won't do that!" she cried. "It's murder. You mustn't do that. For Heaven's sake, give him a chance. Don't murder him!" But he threw her off and rushed to the bridge ladder. Lady Evelyn made her way once more astern, and clung there, crushed up against the rail.

It was extraordinarily hard to breathe. "If they'll only give him time—time!" she said, and held her two hands tight over her mouth. "Oh, give him time to get away! Give him a chance!" A dreadful scream broke from her, and the searchlight leaped into the darkness like a white sword.

She saw it stab the black waters here and there—wheel and sweep like a vast brush—searching, searching, searching. And at last she heard eager cries from the police boat and a shot. She fell upon her knees beside the rail, covering her ears with the palms of her hands, but she heard another shot, and after a long time two together, and another still. It was as if each one beat upon her head with a hammer blow—tore her through and through, yet let her live in agony.

Then the shots were still, but she heard voices—once, the sound of something like a scuffle and the dull noise of blows.

For they had got him at last. The searchlight found him out—Rede-Barnes's noble revenge. The first shots went wild, but at length one broke his shoulder and the chase was done. They dragged him into the boat, yammering over him like the pack over the little red fox run at last off his little legs. It seems that even with a broken shoulder the man could fight—nearly did for one of the crew; so, from behind, they fell upon him with oars and beat him to death.

ON BOARD the *Pique Dame* Rede-Barnes ran up and down and blustered and cursed. He wanted to know how the devil they (the police) dared bring dead men on board a gentleman's yacht. He wanted them to understand that his yacht was no morgue, and he wanted that thing taken away at once—dammit, at once! Frightening ladies like this!

But the woolly-haired rowers of the police boat—all but one—laid Hayes's body down upon the *Pique Dame's* white deck, and the sea water dripped from it in little rills, and lay about it in a dark pool, and drained off into the port scuppers. It was the back of Tui-Tuvana's head they'd beaten in; his face was unmarked and looked very peaceful, as dead faces usually do. A splendid great figure he was, laid out there, long and broad and still—a man.

Lady Evelyn came where he lay and gazed down at him. She was still too, at last—almost as still as the man she had brought to his death. She stood for some moments gazing, and once she noticed that the leather thong and the cheap brass locket were gone from Hayes's neck. One of the Fijians of the police boat crew had taken it in complete ignorance of what it was.

"Wait, please!" said Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes, and went away toward her cabin. She came back in a moment with something in her hand hidden down against her skirt. Rede-Barnes tried to intercept her, and was quite angry and unpleasant about it, but she brushed past him without a word, and went once more to where the dead man lay. She knelt down there and put her hand—the free one—upon Hayes's breast. To the great scandal of those round about she bent forward and kissed him.

"I think," said Lady Evelyn. "I'll go with you, Hayes, after all."

And she shot herself very neatly through the heart and fell over across his body.

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## The All-Western Football Team

(Concluded from page 22)

terial to draw from, better showings could not be expected.

The football players who developed were, as a whole, up to the average. The distinct star was Benbrook of Michigan. He stands well out from all the others. Wells of Michigan, Butzer of Illinois, and Walker of Minnesota are probably on a par with the best men in their positions in recent years. Benbrook, however, has been likened to the greatest guards who ever lived—men such as Heffelfinger, Glass, and Hare.

### The Forwards

MICHIGAN, the champion, furnishes three of the All-Western eleven this year, Minnesota four, Illinois three, and Indiana one.

Wells of Michigan was the best end in the West. The new game has created a somewhat different class of work for end men, and Wells fitted into this perfectly. The end in the new game should be slightly heavier than the end of the past, and he must be a smashing plunger as well as a man capable of taking a lot of punishment. In his handling of the ball, and his speed, together with the perfect way in which he tackled and broke up formations, places Wells easily above all other ends.

There were other good men, among them being Borleske of Michigan, Dean of Wisconsin, Lyons of Illinois, and Sauer of Chicago, but none of these men were given the position of the other wing because Seiler, the aggressive, heady player of Illinois, must be given a position on the All-Western eleven, and the end position is one which he could fill better than any other. Seiler is not quite heavy enough for an end, but his ability as a quarter-back is exceeded by McGovern, nor could he displace Magidsohn or Rosenwald as half-backs. Yet Seiler, who was by far the best kicker in the West, can not, because of his good toe, be left off the team. He possesses many other excellent football qualities, among them being lots of nerve, plenty of speed, and tackling abilities. There is no coach in the country who would have left this man off his eleven if he had the entire Western field to pick from, so he is given an end position here along with Wells.

The tackles are Walker of Minnesota and Dutter of Indiana. Every critic, to a man, has picked Walker in selecting All-Western teams. There is little expected of a tackle that this man does not know. Yost

showed his fear of Walker by playing two men against him most of the time. Even this did not stop this powerful player.

Dutter, while not so brilliant as Walker, was always persistent—a steady player who could always be relied upon, and a man who took to the new rules and who learned all the possibilities of the new game quickly.

Benbrook and Butzer are given the guard positions. There are no players in the West to dispute the right of these two men to these positions. This is especially true of Benbrook. While the playing of Butzer fell a little short of the prowess of Benbrook, both are ideal guards, having the necessary strength, together with activity.

Twist of Illinois must be accorded the position of center. Twist is probably the heaviest man playing football in the West this year, and with all of his weight he was active, an excellent passer, and a man who was constantly on top of the ball.

### The Back-Field

NONE will attempt to take the title of premier quarter-back away from McGovern of Minnesota, the nearest approach to him being McMillan of Michigan, and Merriam of Illinois. McGovern in his playing this year showed the shrewdness and tact of the accomplished veteran he is; no condition arose that he was not capable of handling. He has speed, nerve, brains, and ability to instill confidence, all of which belong to the real leader.

Magidsohn of Michigan and Rosenwald of Minnesota are given the half-back positions on the first eleven. These two players appear to the writer to be quite in a class by themselves—a pair of fearless, plunging, strong-running half-backs, almost infallible in handling the ball, keeping their feet, and quick to pick the surest places for advancing.

Johnson of Minnesota is selected to occupy the position of full-back. Than in the last game of his career, which was the one he played against Michigan, he never showed to better advantage, both as an offensive and a defensive player. Another splendid full-back in the West this year was Exelby of the Michigan Agricultural College, a man who would have forced more attention if he had been on a more prominent team.

This team properly coached would be hard to beat. Offensively and defensively they possess all the qualifications needed for the positions assigned to them.

## Is There an American Architecture?

(See pages 10 and 11)

A GROUP of architects were recently discussing the massive and conglomerate pile of masonry which Senator Clark of Montana erected on upper Fifth Avenue for residential purposes.

"Does it follow any 'order' whatever?" asked a visitor who had not seen it.

"Yes, the Tower of Babel," was the rejoinder.

Yet who knows but that the Senator had in mind the creation of a new motif in architecture—American?

There is a story told of a celebrated French architect who was asked, after a tour of this country, if he had discovered any new note in the designing of our buildings.

"Not in your buildings," he replied; "but in the Pullman sleeping car you have struck an entirely new development in architecture."

And he meant it seriously. Our skyscrapers are impressive, but not new in design, since story after story represents duplication. But in the sleeping car we have a thing all our own.

Only a year or so ago Francis H. Kimball, who designed New York's first skyscraper in 1892—the old Manhattan Life Building—wrote:

"There is no American architecture at all, and I do not see how there can be, in the sense of a new creation. A column is a column, isn't it? A window opening can be square, circular, or pointed; you can't invent a new window opening."

"It is small wonder, then, that our cities abound in replicas of Old World architectural masterpieces, New York richer than all."

"Indeed, it is possible to find in the metropolis duplicates of some of Europe's most celebrated buildings."

"Swipes," some architects call them, but we will content ourselves with the reproductions on pages 10 and 11 in the form of the "deadly parallel," and let our readers deduce their own opinions.

There are, of course, hundreds of instances where American ingenuity has found its inspiration in some Old World

construction, only to surpass it in the final development of the idea.

The Metropolitan Tower in New York, for instance, resembles in design the ill-fated Campanile of Venice, but so overtops it in size and majesty that the idea of its being a copy is forgotten. So, also, the Times Building tower bears a striking similarity to Giotto's tower in Florence, yet can not be said to be a replica, except in the most remote sense.

But other instances are much more startling in their resemblance to foreign gems of architecture; and the Italian visitor to Gotham may well be pardoned a shock if he should run across Desdemona's Venetian palace transformed into a Forty-fourth Street tailoring establishment, or find in the Villard houses in Madison Avenue—one of which is the town house of Mr. Whitelaw Reid—a duplicate of the Cancelleria in Rome.

Even the massive new Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York is reminiscent of the genius of past centuries, and in its high-ceiled waiting-room we find the dominant notes identical with the Basilica of Constantine, Rome.

Italy, indeed, has furnished our architects with more inspiration than any of her sister countries, although one of the most beautiful things in New York, the tower of Madison Square Garden, is a reproduction of the finest tower in all Spain—the Giralda of Seville.

That this is the work of Stanford White in no sense dims the glory of this master. The Herald Building is his, yet it is a copy, line for line, of the beautiful little town hall of Verona.

Occasionally the American's proneness to copy meets with severe condemnation at the hands of foreign architects, and in the case of the Lafayette statue in Paris, the architects were obliged to change the pedestal because it followed too faithfully the lines of the General Colonne statue in Venice.

In the series of photographs reproduced in this number are some of the more notable instances of architectural duplication in this country of famous European buildings.

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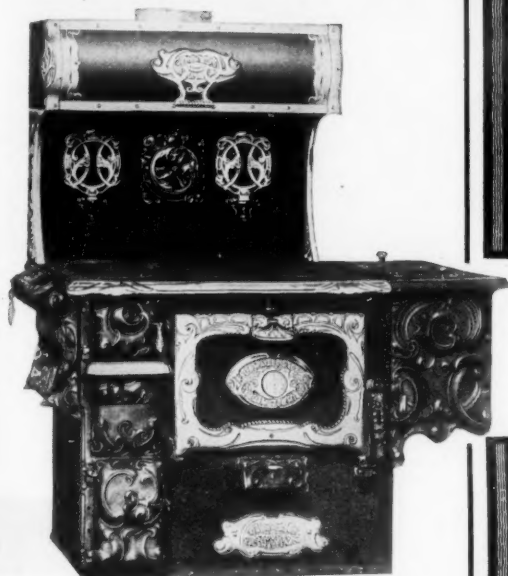
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